JUSTICE TRAPS THE

No. 4 MAY-JUNE

GUILTY

A PRIZE PUBLICATION

10¢

ALL TRUE CRIME CASES

in this issue:

TRUE CONFESSION OF A GIRL GANGLEADER

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 3 2 1 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

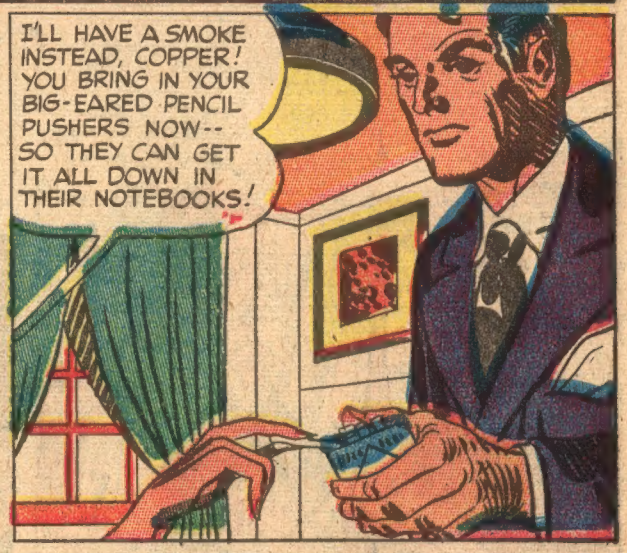
In consideration of innocent persons involved, all names in this true story are fictitious.

RIGHT NOW, I WISH I WAS ANYBODY ELSE BUT BELLE MUNSON! ALL I HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO NOW, IS PAYING THE FULL PENALTY FOR MY CRIMES! I LOVED SPEED--- HATED COPS AND RAN THE FASTEST FLEET OF "GETAWAY CARS" IN THE COUNTRY--- UNTIL I REACHED THE END OF THE ROAD--AND MUST NOW STAND TRIAL FOR BEING —

QUEEN OF THE SPEED-BALL MOB!

SIMON AND KIRBY

EXPOSING TRUE SECRETS BEHIND THE DEALERS IN GETAWAY CARS!



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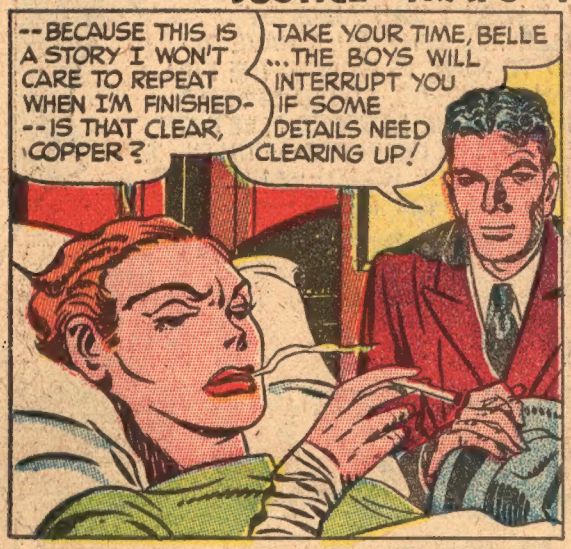
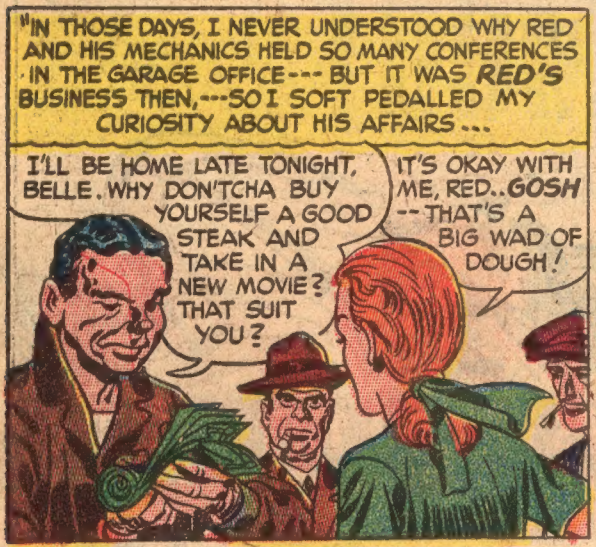
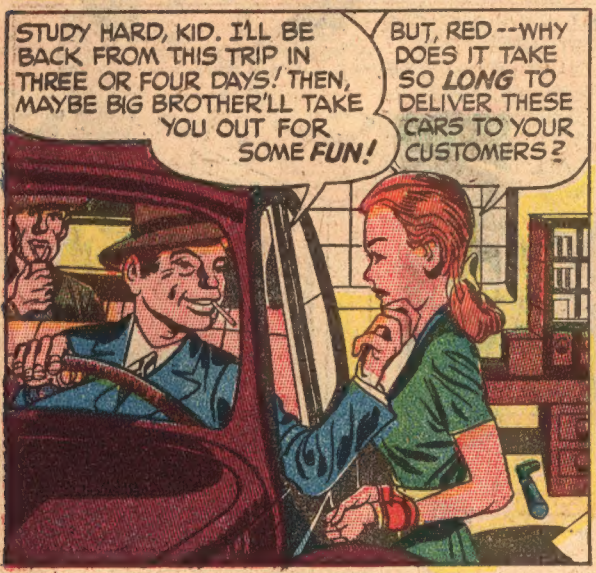
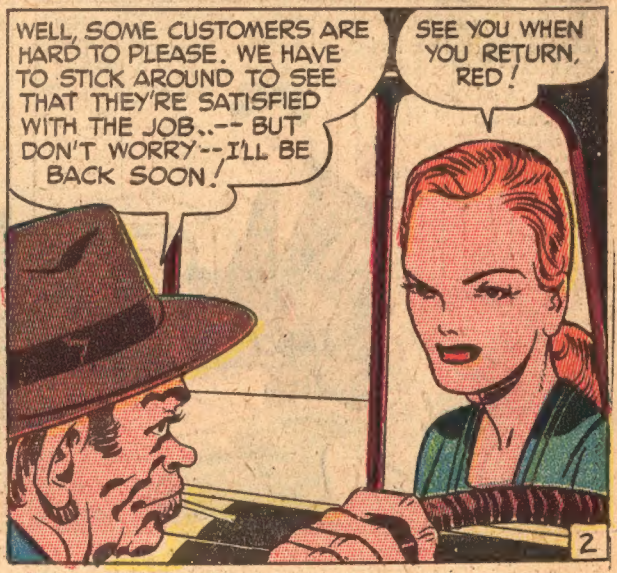
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

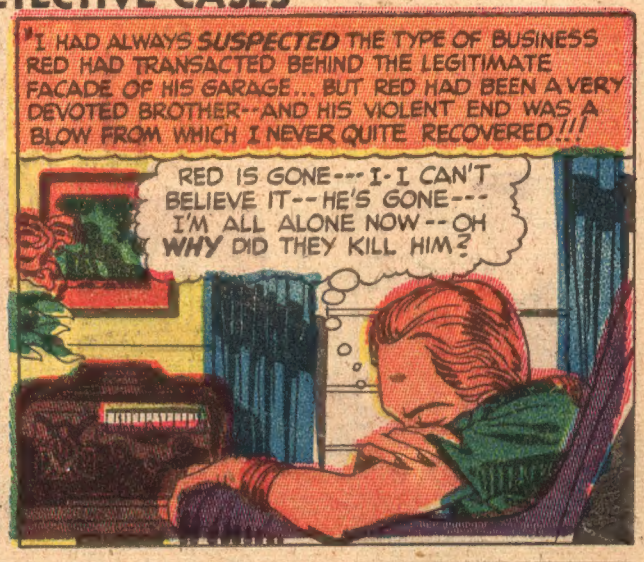


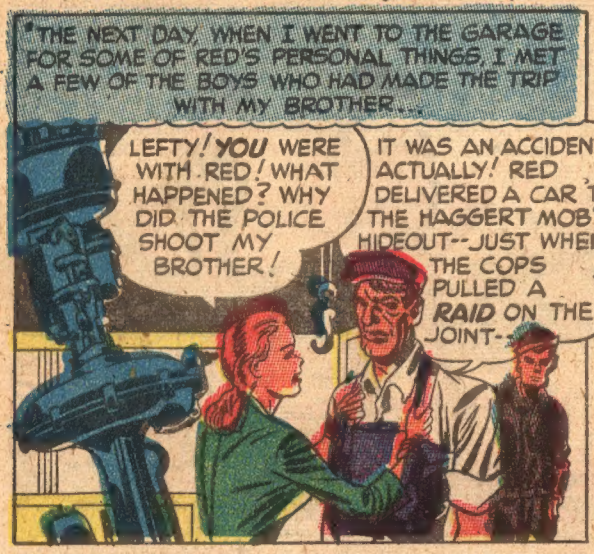






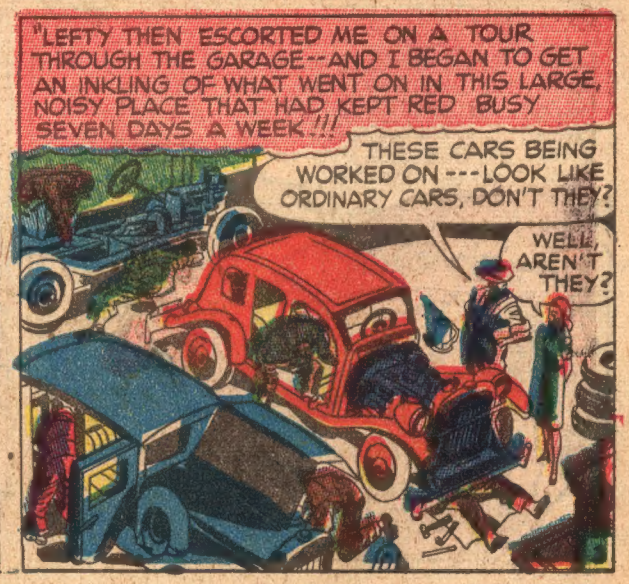
"TWO NIGHTS LATER, AS I SAT LISTENING TO A RADIO AT HOME, I TUNED IN ON A NEWS BROADCAST THAT JOLTED ME FROM MY CHAIR!
FLASH! POLICE, TONIGHT, SHOT AND KILLED FRANCIS "RED" MUNSON, BELIEVED TO BE THE LEADER OF A HIGH-SPEED GETAWAY GANG THAT'S BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR A WAVE OF BURGLARIES THROUGHOUT THE STATE!
OH, NO— NO! NOT RED! OH—


"I HAD ALWAYS SUSPECTED THE TYPE OF BUSINESS RED HAD TRANSACTED BEHIND THE LEGITIMATE FACADE OF HIS GARAGE... BUT RED HAD BEEN A VERY DEVOTED BROTHER--AND HIS VIOLENT END WAS A BLOW FROM WHICH I NEVER QUITE RECOVERED!!!
RED IS GONE---I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT--HE'S GONE--- I'M ALL ALONE NOW--OH WHY DID THEY KILL HIM?

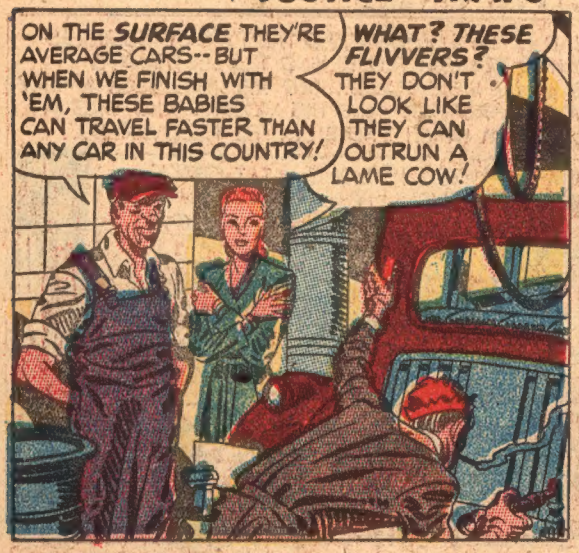

"THE NEXT DAY, WHEN I WENT TO THE GARAGE FOR SOME OF RED'S PERSONAL THINGS, I MET A FEW OF THE BOYS WHO HAD MADE THE TRIP WITH MY BROTHER...
LEFTY! YOU WERE WITH RED! WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DID THE POLICE SHOOT MY BROTHER!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, ACTUALLY! RED DELIVERED A CAR TO THE HAGGERT MOB'S HIDEOUT--JUST WHEN THE COPS PULLED A RAID ON THE JOINT--

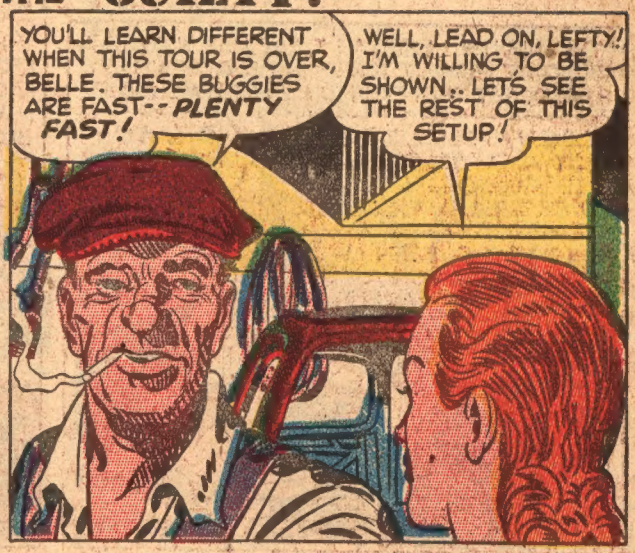
THE COPS MISTOOK RED FOR ONE OF THE HAGGERT BOYS AND PLUGGED HIM WHEN THE FIREWORKS STARTED!
SO IT WAS JUST A LITTLE MISTAKE, EH? WELL, THE COPS WILL ANSWER TO ME FOR THAT LITTLE MISTAKE! I'M TAKING OVER THE GARAGE, LEFTY--- I WANT ALL THE DOPE ON HOW THIS RACKET OPERATES!

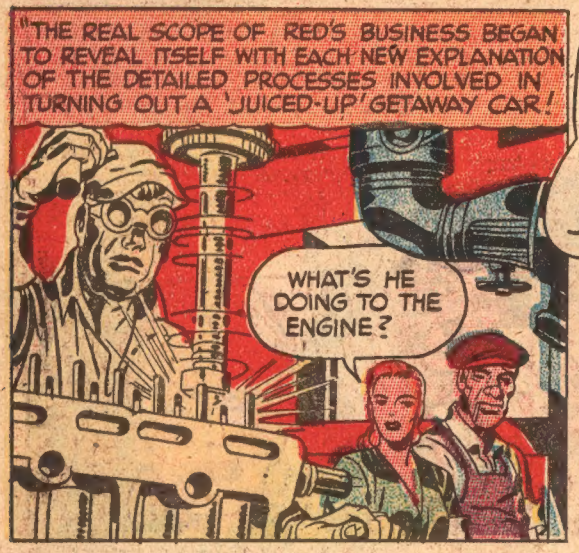
I'D BETTER EXPLAIN FIRST, BELLE, THAT RED'S GARAGE IS JUST ONE OF A STRING BEING RUN BY MAXIE NASH, THE BIG TIME RACKETEER!
SUPPOSE WE REALLY START AT THE BEGINNING! WHAT MAKES THIS GARAGE IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO GET ATTENTION FROM MAXIE NASH?

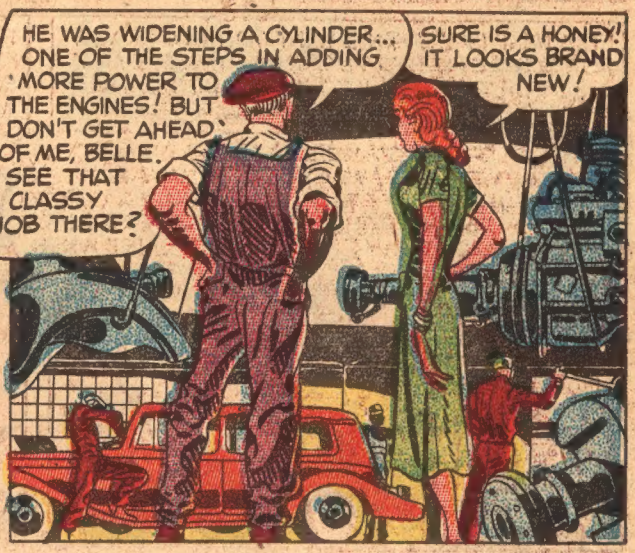

"LEFTY THEN ESCORTED ME ON A TOUR THROUGH THE GARAGE--AND I BEGAN TO GET AN INKLING OF WHAT WENT ON IN THIS LARGE, NOISY PLACE THAT HAD KEPT RED BUSY SEVEN DAYS A WEEK!!!
THESE CARS BEING WORKED ON---LOOK LIKE ORDINARY CARS, DON'T THEY?
WELL, AREN'T THEY?

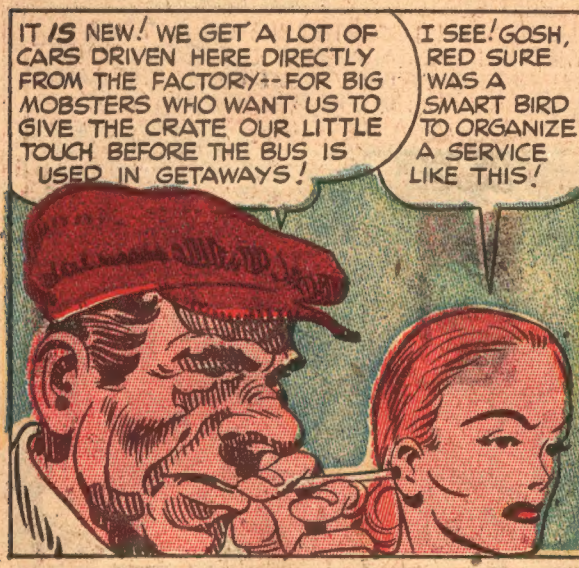
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

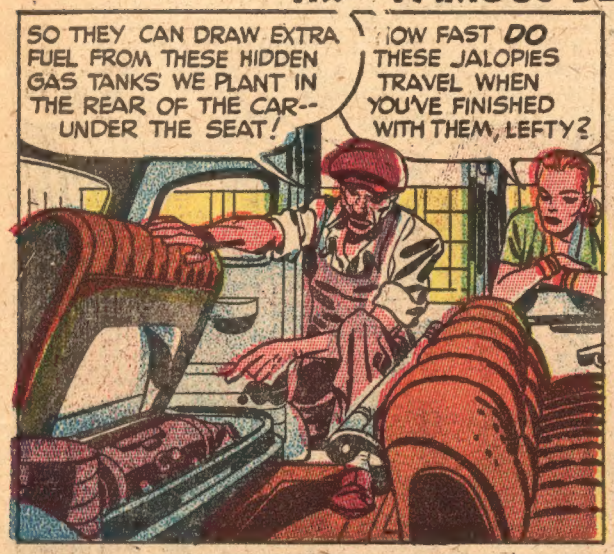


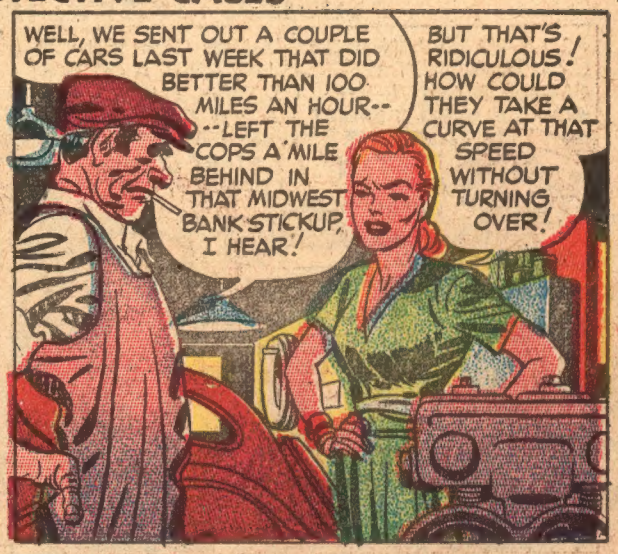


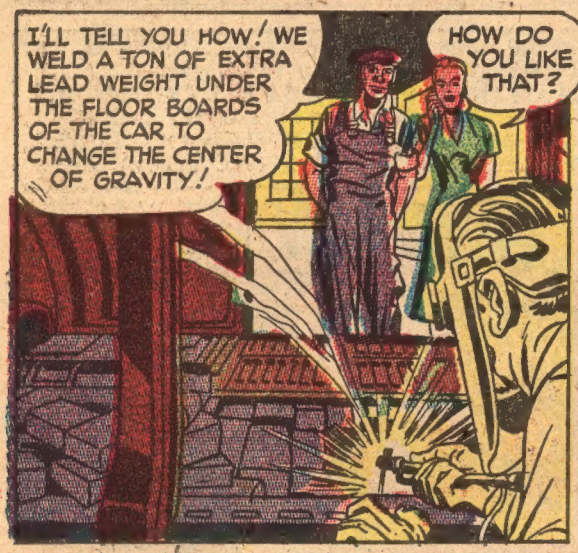




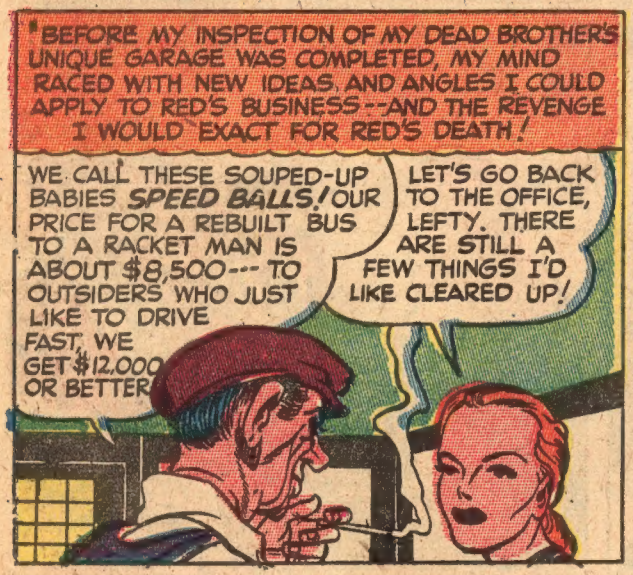


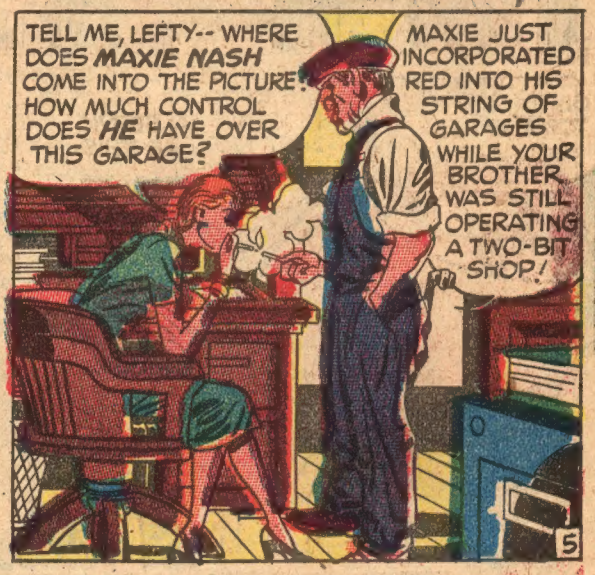

SO THEY CAN DRAW EXTRA FUEL FROM THESE HIDDEN GAS TANKS WE PLANT IN THE REAR OF THE CAR-- UNDER THE SEAT!
HOW FAST DO THESE JALOPIES TRAVEL WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH THEM, LEFTY?


WELL, WE SENT OUT A COUPLE OF CARS LAST WEEK THAT DID BETTER THAN 100 MILES AN HOUR-- --LEFT THE COPS A MILE BEHIND IN THAT MIDWEST BANK STICKUP, I HEAR!
BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS! HOW COULD THEY TAKE A CURVE AT THAT SPEED WITHOUT TURNING OVER!

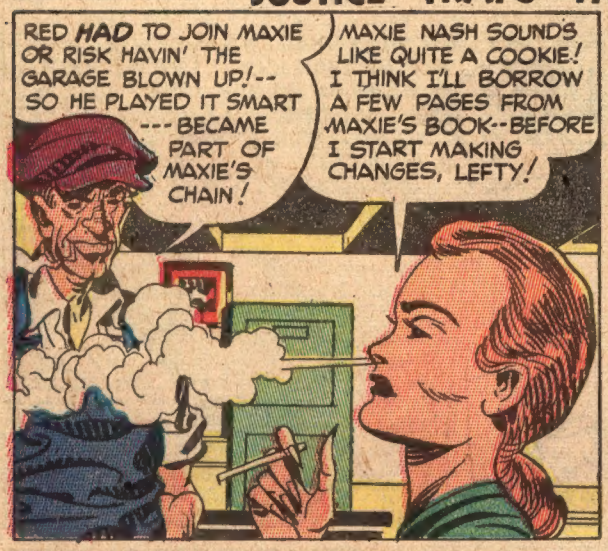

I'LL TELL YOU HOW! WE WELD A TON OF EXTRA LEAD WEIGHT UNDER THE FLOOR BOARDS OF THE CAR TO CHANGE THE CENTER OF GRAVITY!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

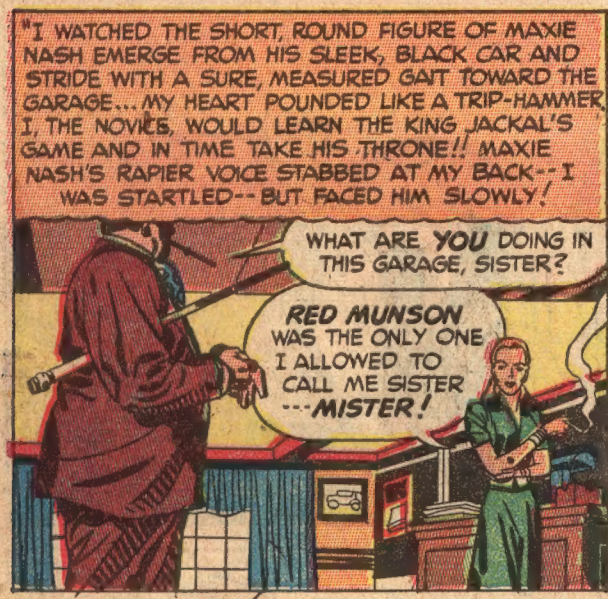
THAT'S WHY THE DRIVER CAN MAKE A TURN AT ANY SPEED AND STILL HOLD THE ROAD.. THAT'S HOW THEY GAIN THEIR DISTANCE!
-AND WHAT DOES THIS AMAZING SERVICE COST YOUR CUSTOMERS, MAY I ASK?

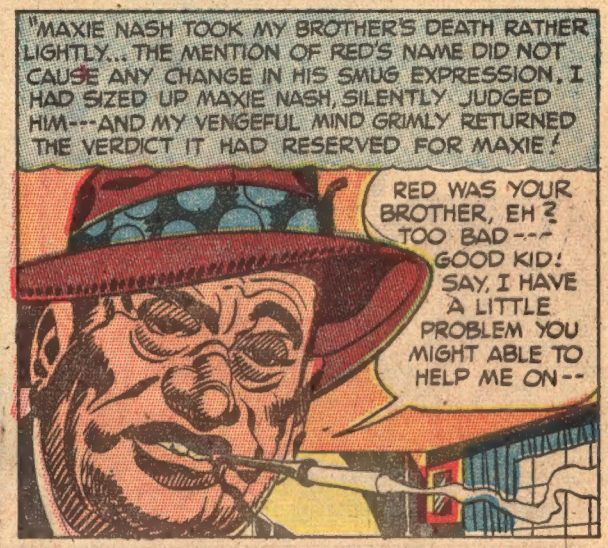

"BEFORE MY INSPECTION OF MY DEAD BROTHER'S UNIQUE GARAGE WAS COMPLETED, MY MIND RACED WITH NEW IDEAS AND ANGLES I COULD APPLY TO RED'S BUSINESS--AND THE REVENGE I WOULD EXACT FOR RED'S DEATH!
WE CALL THESE SOUPED-UP BABIES SPEED BALLS! OUR PRICE FOR A REBUILT BUS TO A RACKET MAN IS ABOUT $8,500--- TO OUTSIDERS WHO JUST LIKE TO DRIVE FAST, WE GET $12,000 OR BETTER
LET'S GO BACK TO THE OFFICE, LEFTY. THERE ARE STILL A FEW THINGS I'D LIKE CLEARED UP!

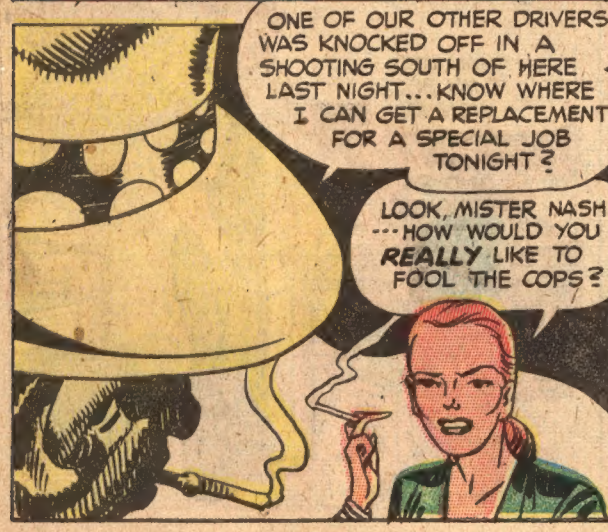

TELL ME, LEFTY-- WHERE DOES MAXIE NASH COME INTO THE PICTURE? HOW MUCH CONTROL DOES HE HAVE OVER THIS GARAGE?
MAXIE JUST INCORPORATED RED INTO HIS STRING OF GARAGES WHILE YOUR BROTHER WAS STILL OPERATING A TWO-BIT SHOP!

JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!









"WITHOUT REALIZING WHAT WAS HAPPENING INSIDE ME, I TALKED ON IN A VOICE THAT HAD SUBTLY ACQUIRED A HARD EDGE TO ITS TONE. A MAD, WILD THING THAT COULD LIE, CHEAT AND STOP AT NOTHING, SPOKE THROUGH ME AND CAUGHT MAXIE OFF GUARD WITH ITS RECKLESS AGRESSIVENESS!

RED SHOWED ME EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE SPEED BALLS! YOUR CHANCES WOULD BE *TWICE* AS GOOD WITH *MY* ANGLE!

HMMM--THE STUNT IS SILLY ENOUGH TO---

"MAXIE SAID NOTHING. HE JUST MOTIONED ME TO FOLLOW HIM AND UNFOLDED A MAP WHICH HE DREW FROM HIS INSIDE POCKET. I FOLLOWED NASH'S FAT FINGER AS IT MOVED ALONG THE MAP IN UNISON WITH THE DRONE OF HIS VOICE...I WAS IN!--I WAS GETTING MY CHANCE TO SETTLE SCORES AND SEE MY PLANS THROUGH!

IT'S A TWISTING HIGHWAY ALL THE WAY TO THE CITY--SO YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SHAKE ANY COPS BY KEEPING THE GAS PEDAL DOWN ON CURVES!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE POLICE--I'LL HANDLE THEM!

"THAT NIGHT, I SAT BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A CAR IN THE GARAGE, FAMILIARIZING MYSELF WITH THE SPECIAL GADGETS, WHEN I NOTICED A CHARACTER WITH A POKER FACE AND A NOISELESS WALK LET HIMSELF IN THE GARAGE VIA A SIDE DOOR...

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY, MISTER?

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT I'M JUST--TAKING--INVENTORY--

YOU MUST BE BELLE MUNSON, RED'S SISTER.. RIGHT?

YOU'RE WELL INFORMED FOR A STRANGER! WHAT ARE YOU SELLING?

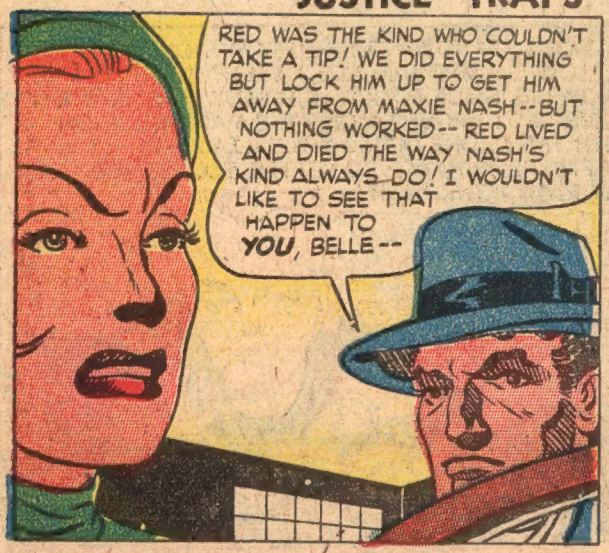
LAW AND ORDER! I'M STEVE CROSSMAN--- HOMICIDE SQUAD!

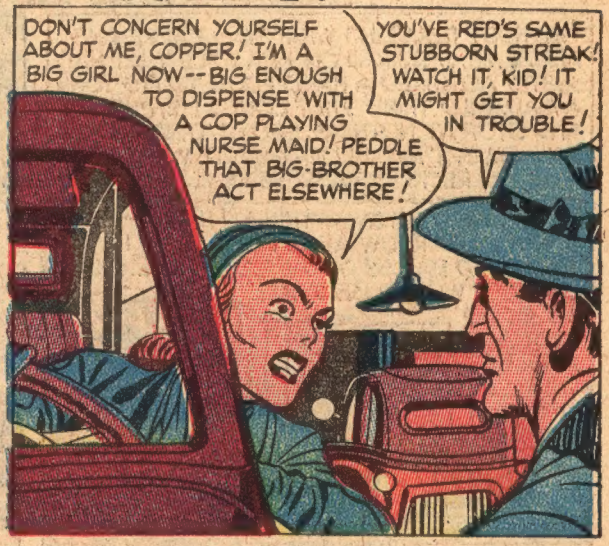
"I ALMOST BURST A BLOOD VESSEL WHEN CROSSMAN SHOVED THAT BADGE IN MY FACE! HATE COURSED THROUGH ME LIKE A SWEEPING FIRE! THE MAN WHO SHOT MY BROTHER HAD WORN SUCH A BADGE! I COULD HAVE KILLED CROSSMAN THEN AND THERE!

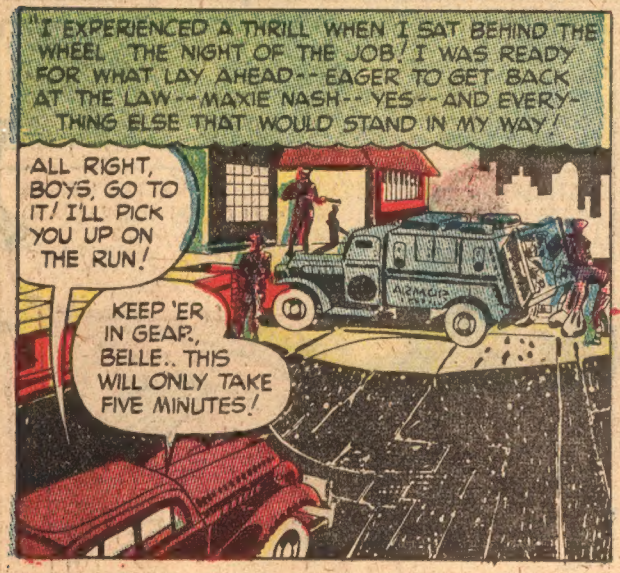
I THOUGHT MAYBE I'D DROP IN AND PASS ALONG A FRIENDLY TIP--

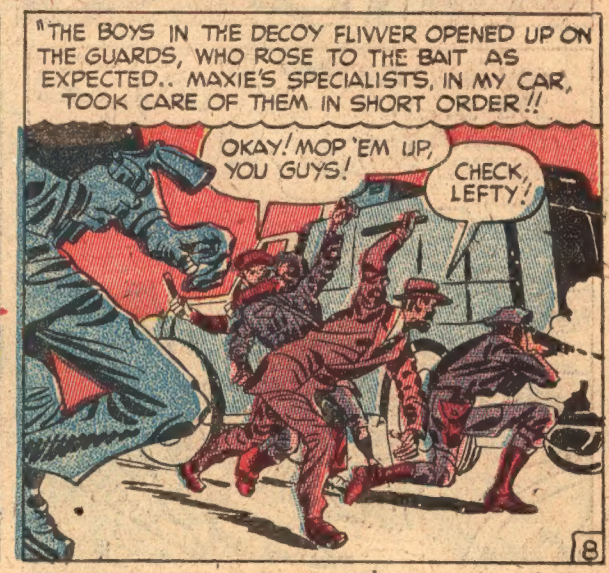
SURE! LIKE THE KIND YOU COPS HANDED RED--*THREE BULLETS THROUGH HIS HATBAND!*

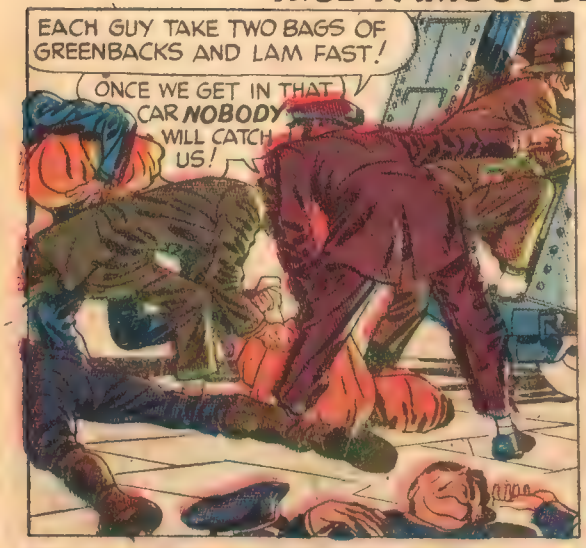
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

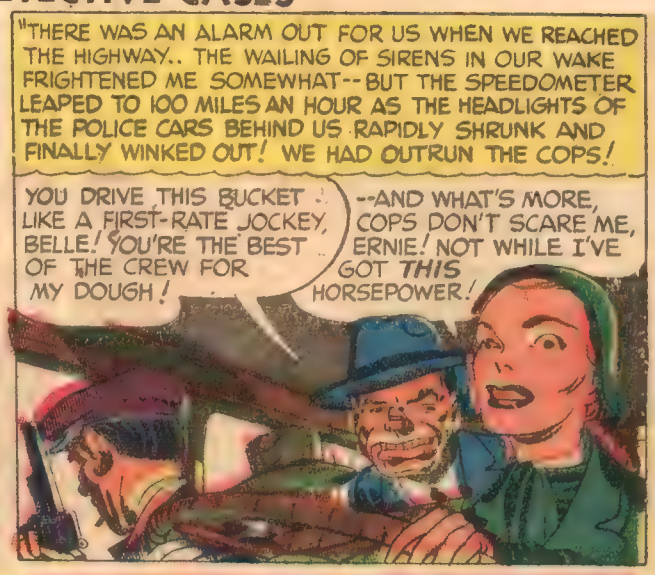


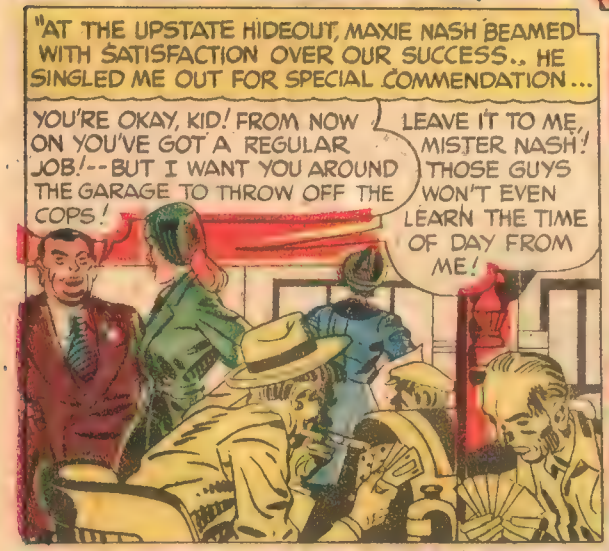


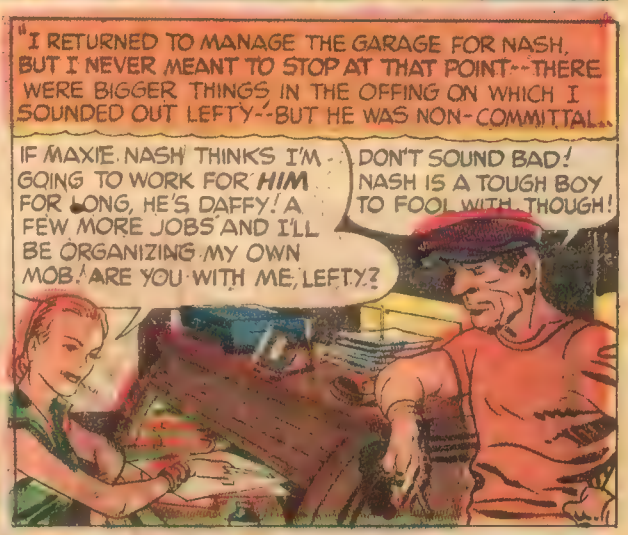




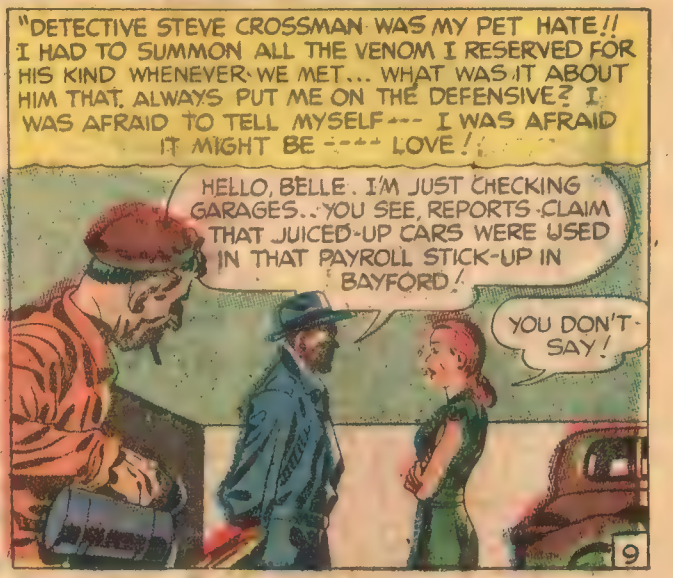

EACH GUY TAKE TWO BAGS OF GREENBACKS AND LAM FAST!
ONCE WE GET IN THAT CAR NOBODY WILL CATCH US!


"THERE WAS AN ALARM OUT FOR US WHEN WE REACHED THE HIGHWAY.. THE WAILING OF SIRENS IN OUR WAKE FRIGHTENED ME SOMEWHAT--BUT THE SPEEDOMETER LEAPED TO 100 MILES AN HOUR AS THE HEADLIGHTS OF THE POLICE CARS BEHIND US RAPIDLY SHRUNK AND FINALLY WINKED OUT! WE HAD OUTRUN THE COPS!
YOU DRIVE THIS BUCKET LIKE A FIRST-RATE JOCKEY, BELLE! YOU'RE THE BEST OF THE CREW FOR MY DOUGH!
--AND WHAT'S MORE, COPS DON'T SCARE ME, ERNIE! NOT WHILE I'VE GOT THIS HORSEPOWER!

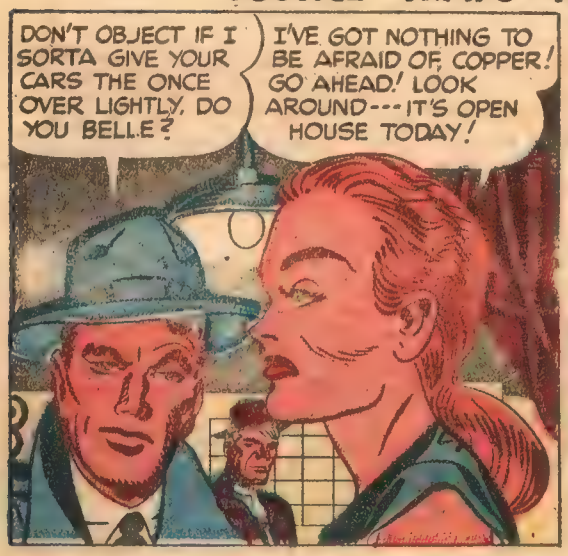

"AT THE UPSTATE HIDEOUT, MAXIE NASH BEAMED WITH SATISFACTION OVER OUR SUCCESS.. HE SINGLED ME OUT FOR SPECIAL COMMENDATION...
YOU'RE OKAY, KID! FROM NOW ON YOU'VE GOT A REGULAR JOB!--BUT I WANT YOU AROUND THE GARAGE TO THROW OFF THE COPS!
LEAVE IT TO ME, MISTER NASH! THOSE GUYS WON'T EVEN LEARN THE TIME OF DAY FROM ME!

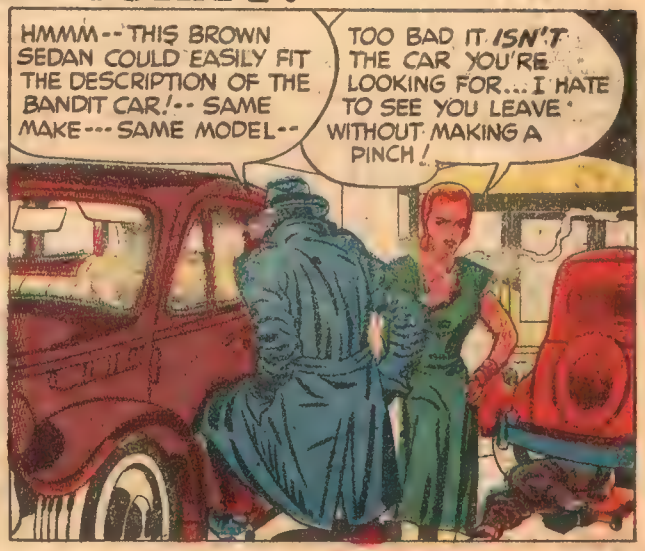

"I RETURNED TO MANAGE THE GARAGE FOR NASH, BUT I NEVER MEANT TO STOP AT THAT POINT--THERE WERE BIGGER THINGS IN THE OFFING ON WHICH I SOUNDED OUT LEFTY--BUT HE WAS NON-COMMITTAL..
IF MAXIE NASH THINKS I'M GOING TO WORK FOR HIM FOR LONG, HE'S DAFFY! A FEW MORE JOBS AND I'LL BE ORGANIZING MY OWN MOB! ARE YOU WITH ME, LEFTY?
DON'T SOUND BAD! NASH IS A TOUGH BOY TO FOOL WITH, THOUGH!

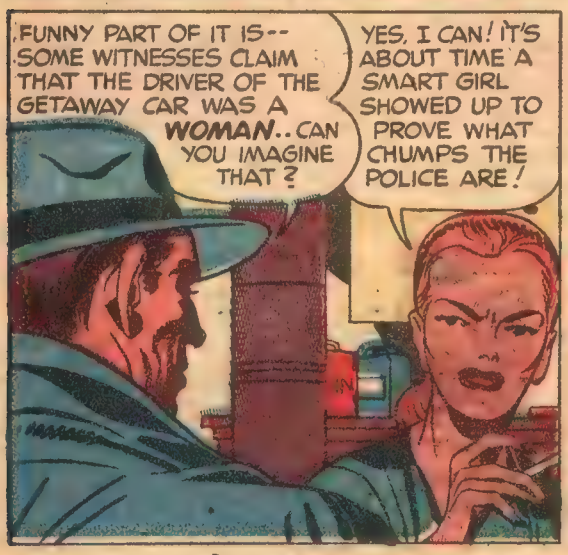
HEADS UP! THAT DICK, CROSSMAN JUST CAME IN! WATCH OUT FOR HIM--- THERE'S MORE BEHIND HIS STRAIGHT PAN THAN MEETS THE EYE!

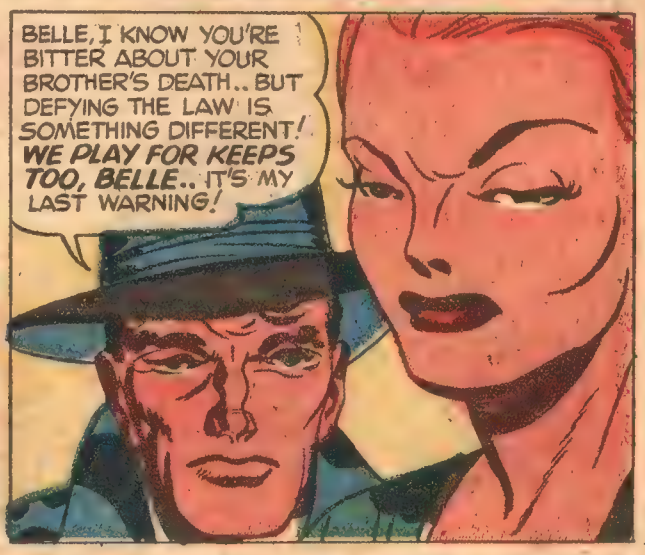

"DETECTIVE STEVE CROSSMAN WAS MY PET HATE!! I HAD TO SUMMON ALL THE VENOM I RESERVED FOR HIS KIND WHENEVER WE MET... WHAT WAS IT ABOUT HIM THAT ALWAYS PUT ME ON THE DEFENSIVE? I WAS AFRAID TO TELL MYSELF--- I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT BE---- LOVE!
HELLO, BELLE. I'M JUST CHECKING GARAGES.. YOU SEE, REPORTS CLAIM THAT JUICED-UP CARS WERE USED IN THAT PAYROLL STICK-UP IN BAYFORD!
YOU DON'T SAY!

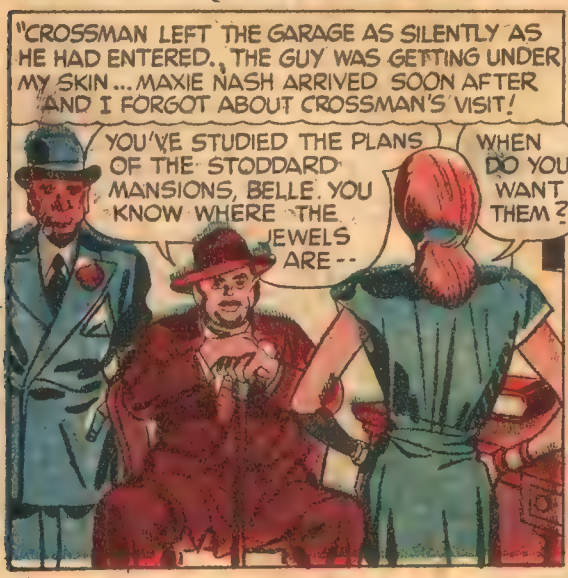
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

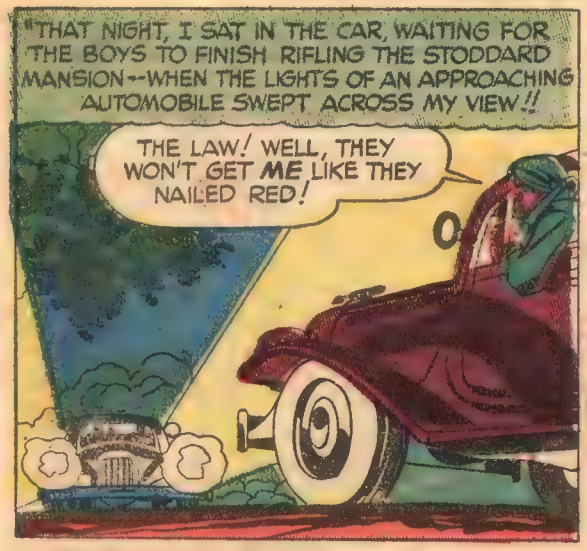


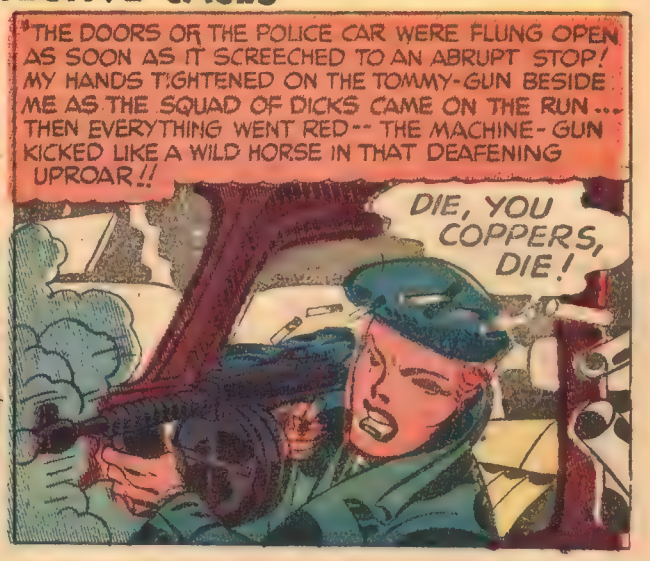




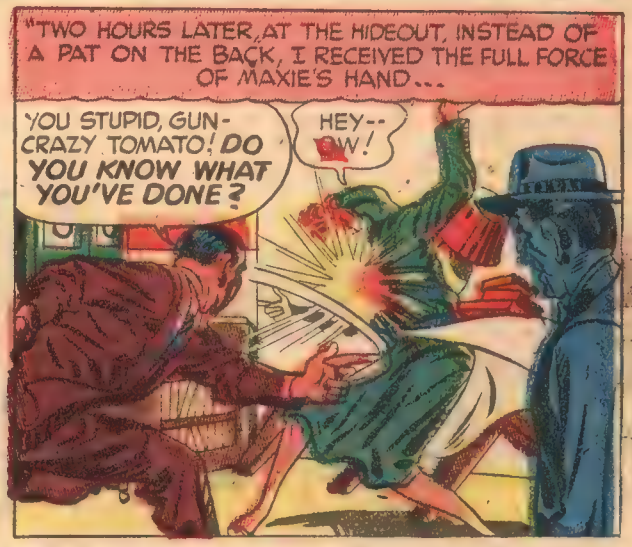


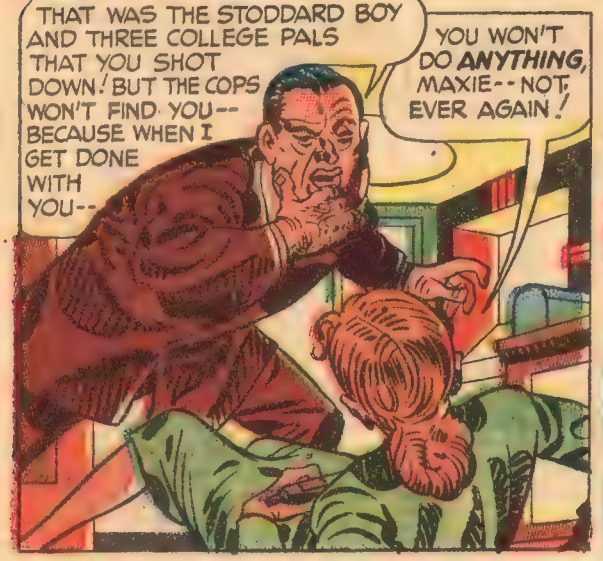


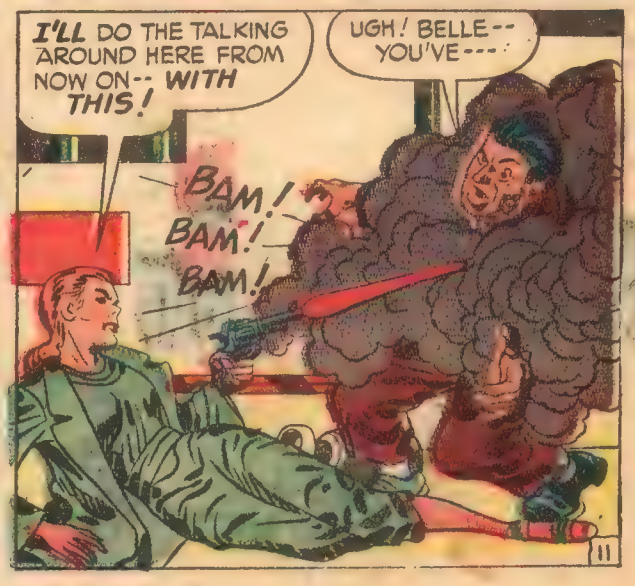

"THAT NIGHT, I SAT IN THE CAR, WAITING FOR THE BOYS TO FINISH RIFLING THE STODDARD MANSION--WHEN THE LIGHTS OF AN APPROACHING AUTOMOBILE SWEPT ACROSS MY VIEW!!
THE LAW! WELL, THEY WON'T GET ME LIKE THEY NAILED RED!


"THE DOORS OF THE POLICE CAR WERE FLUNG OPEN AS SOON AS IT SCREECHED TO AN ABRUPT STOP! MY HANDS TIGHTENED ON THE TOMMY-GUN BESIDE ME AS THE SQUAD OF DICKS CAME ON THE RUN... THEN EVERYTHING WENT RED-- THE MACHINE-GUN KICKED LIKE A WILD HORSE IN THAT DEAFENING UPROAR!!
DIE, YOU COPPERS, DIE!

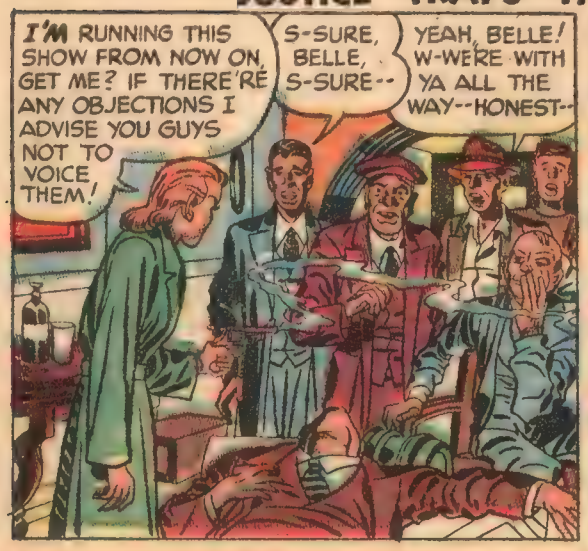
"I HURLED EVERY VILE OATH THAT SURGED THROUGH MY CRAZED MIND AT THE SHATTERED LINE OF BLOOD-SMEARED FACES, OUTFLUNG ARMS AND LEGS THAT CRUMPLED UNDER LIFELESS BODIES!!

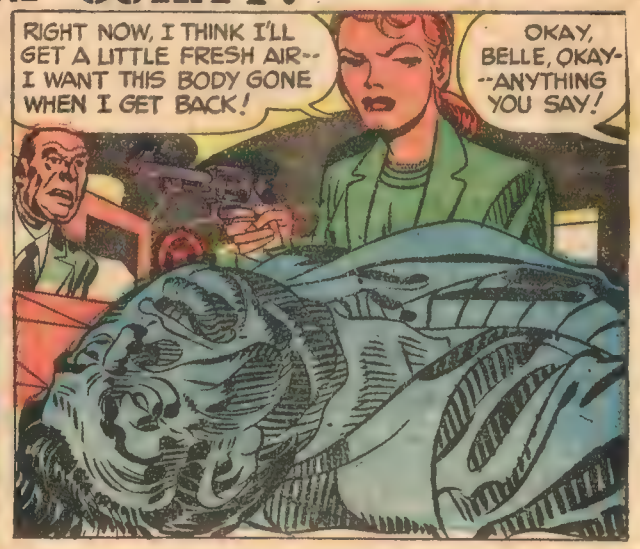

"TWO HOURS LATER, AT THE HIDEOUT, INSTEAD OF A PAT ON THE BACK, I RECEIVED THE FULL FORCE OF MAXIE'S HAND...
YOU STUPID, GUN-CRAZY TOMATO! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?
HEY-- OW!

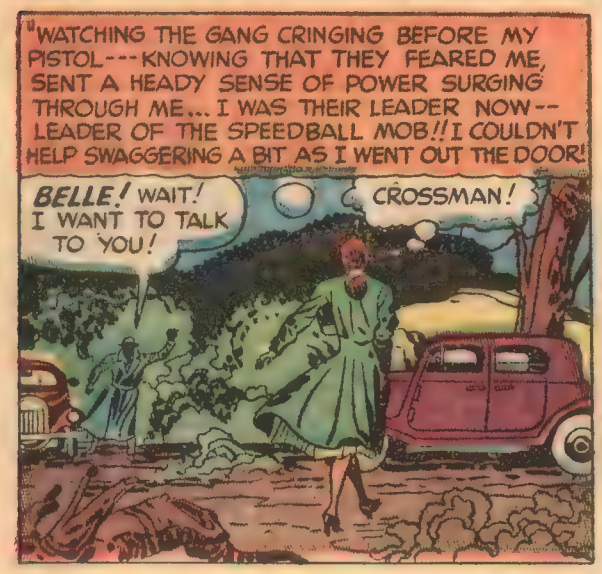

THAT WAS THE STODDARD BOY AND THREE COLLEGE PALS THAT YOU SHOT DOWN! BUT THE COPS WON'T FIND YOU-- BECAUSE WHEN I GET DONE WITH YOU--
YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING, MAXIE--NOT EVER AGAIN!

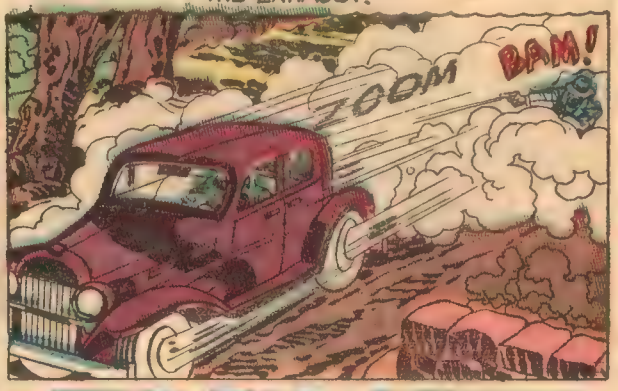

I'LL DO THE TALKING AROUND HERE FROM NOW ON-- WITH THIS!
UGH! BELLE-- YOU'VE---
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

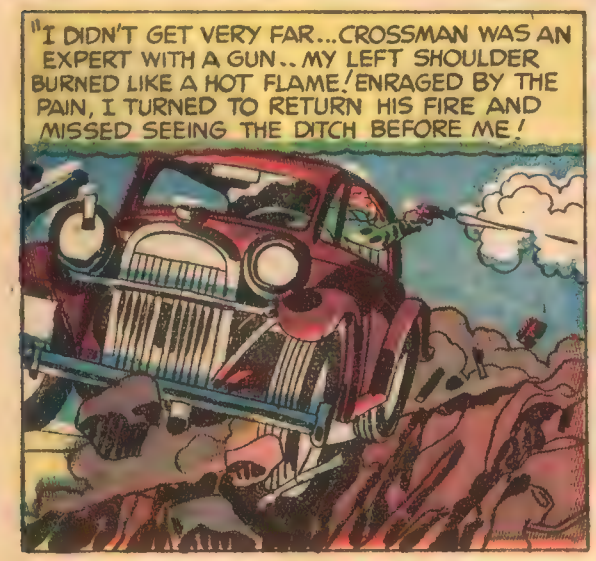
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

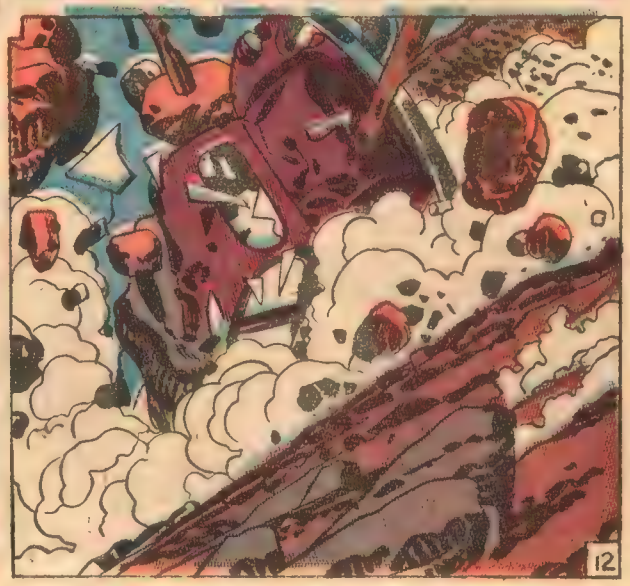


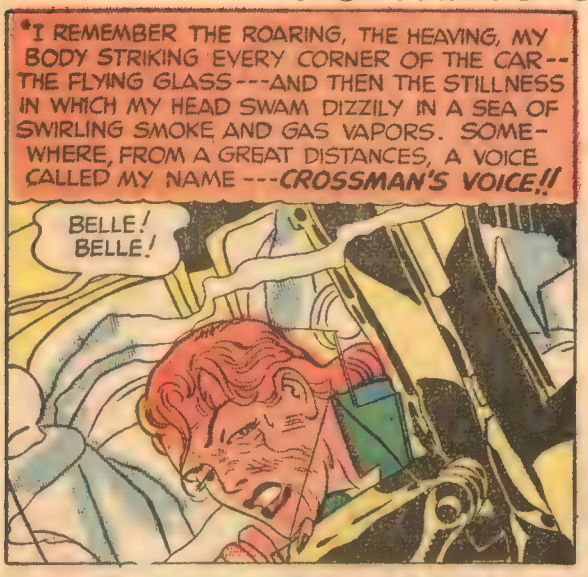


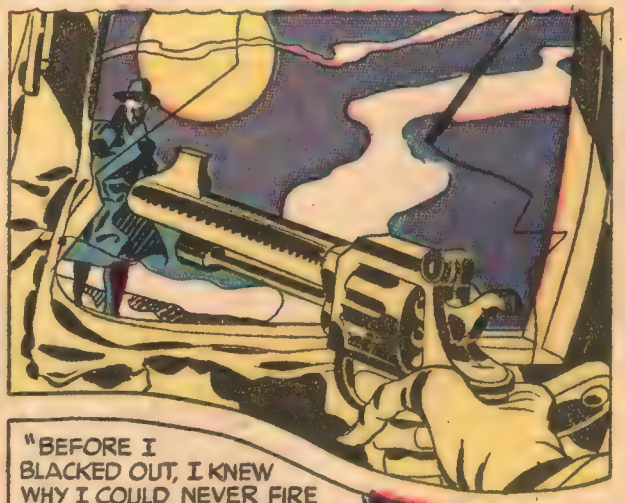


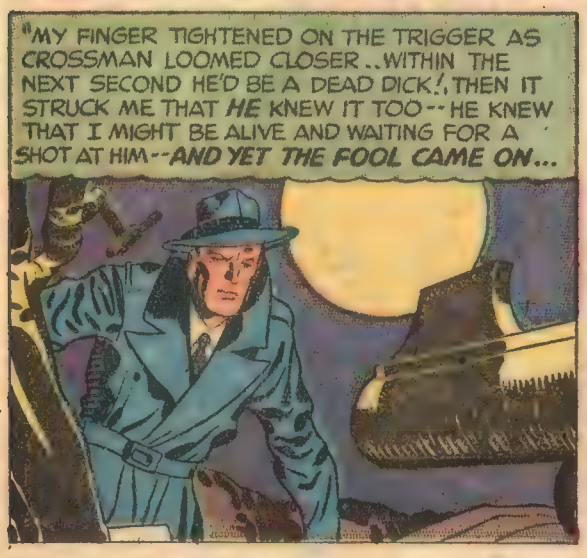




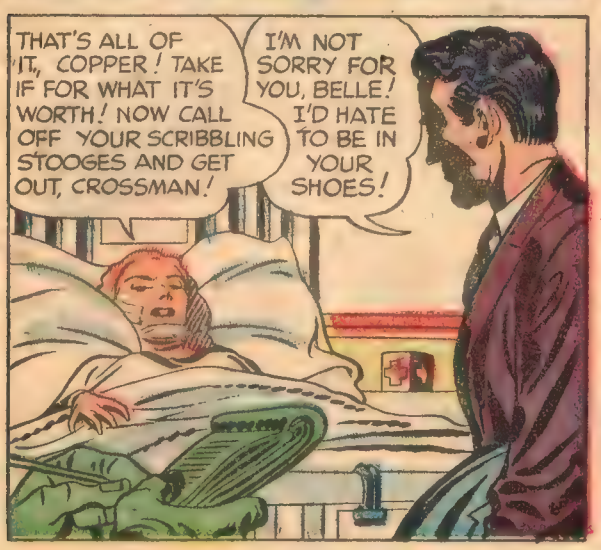



"I REMEMBER THE ROARING, THE HEAVING, MY BODY STRIKING EVERY CORNER OF THE CAR-- THE FLYING GLASS---AND THEN THE STILLNESS IN WHICH MY HEAD SWAM DIZZILY IN A SEA OF SWIRLING SMOKE AND GAS VAPORS. SOMEWHERE, FROM A GREAT DISTANCES, A VOICE CALLED MY NAME ---CROSSMAN'S VOICE!!
BELLE! BELLE!


"CROSSMAN CALLED AGAIN--BUT I DIDN'T REPLY... HE WOULD NEVER KNOW IF I WAS ALIVE OR DEAD IN THAT WRECK--UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE..I AIMED MY WEAPON AT HIS SILHOUETTE APPROACHING CAUTIOUSLY IN THE MOONLIGHT---


"MY FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER AS CROSSMAN LOOMED CLOSER..WITHIN THE NEXT SECOND HE'D BE A DEAD DICK!, THEN IT STRUCK ME THAT HE KNEW IT TOO--HE KNEW THAT I MIGHT BE ALIVE AND WAITING FOR A SHOT AT HIM--AND YET THE FOOL CAME ON...

"BEFORE I BLACKED OUT, I KNEW WHY I COULD NEVER FIRE AT STEVE CROSSMAN---
WOW! ALMOST HAD ME, DIDN'T YOU, BABY..WELL, LET'S GET YOU PATCHED UP!


THAT'S ALL OF IT, COPPER! TAKE IF FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH! NOW CALL OFF YOUR SCRIBBLING STOOGES AND GET OUT, CROSSMAN!
I'M NOT SORRY FOR YOU, BELLE! I'D HATE TO BE IN YOUR SHOES!

I ONCE TOLD YOU WHERE YOU WERE HEADING, BELLE. YOU LOOKED LIKE A GOOD KID TO ME-- I TRIED TO SET YOU RIGHT--BUT YOU THOUGHT WITH A GREEDY MIND AND LIVED WITH A HATING HEART..NOW YOU'LL PAY THE PRICE FOR YOUR CRIMES! THANKS FOR SPARING MY LIFE--YOUR BETTER INSTINCTS SHOWED UP A LITTLE TOO LATE!

The LINCOLN TOMB THIEVES!

UNPARALLELED FOR SHEER DARING IN THE ANNALS OF THIEVERY, WAS THIS FANTASTIC PLOT TO STEAL ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BODY FROM ITS SPRINGFIELD RESTING PLACE!

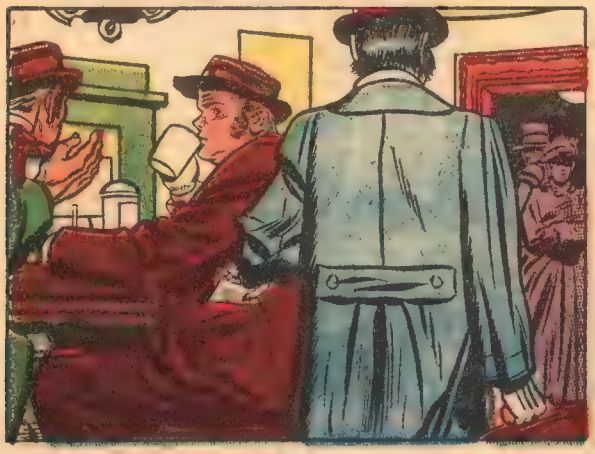
SURE--THE GOVERNMENT'S GOT TO **PAY** FOR THIS CASKET---BUT THEY'VE ALSO GOT TO SPRING OUR BUDDY OUT OF JAIL!

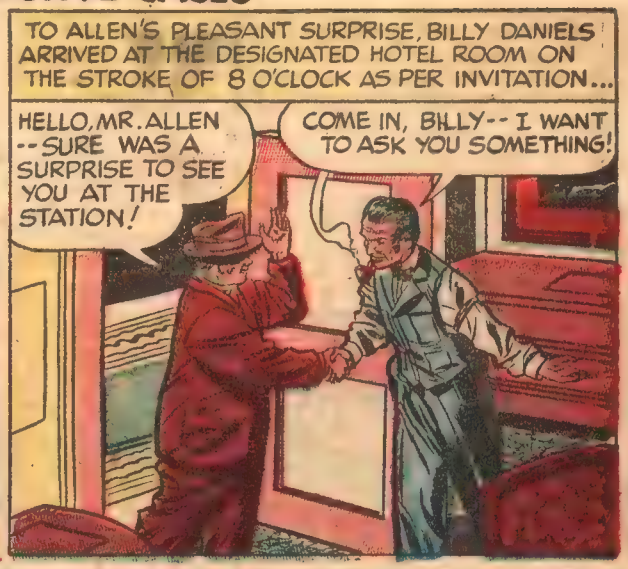
WHAT A SET-UP! WE STEAL LINCOLN'S CASKET AND MAKE THE COUNTRY PAY TO GET IT BACK!

WHEN ***SECRET SERVICE AGENT ROY ALLEN*** DROPPED IN AT CHICAGO'S DEARBORN STREET STATION EARLY ONE MORNING IN NOVEMBER, 1876, IN SEARCH OF SOME FUGITIVE HOLDUP MEN HE WAS SURPRISED TO SEE A FAMILIAR FACE ....

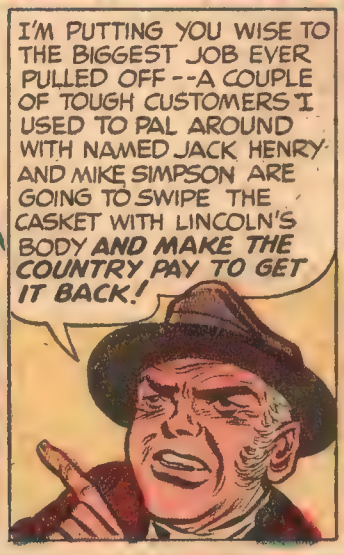
WELL I'LL BE---IF IT ISN'T ***BILLY DANIELS***, THE LAD I HAD PARDONED LAST YEAR--WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING GREETING THOSE BUMS SO HEARTILY?

WE'LL SEE IF BILLY ***APPRECIATES*** MY FAVOR BY THE WAY HE RESPONDS TO THIS WRITTEN INVITATION OF MINE TO MEET ME AT THE CENTRAL HOTEL TONIGHT!


THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT SUCCEEDED IN SLIPPING A NOTE INTO BILLY'S POCKET-- NEITHER MAN SPOKE, LEST BILLY'S COMPANIONS SHOULD BE OVERCOME WITH CURIOSITY---


TO ALLEN'S PLEASANT SURPRISE, BILLY DANIELS ARRIVED AT THE DESIGNATED HOTEL ROOM ON THE STROKE OF 8 O'CLOCK AS PER INVITATION...
HELLO, MR. ALLEN --SURE WAS A SURPRISE TO SEE YOU AT THE STATION!
COME IN, BILLY-- I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING!

I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU FEEL UNDER ANY OBLIGATION TO ME FOR GETTING YOU PARDONED LAST YEAR?
WAIT TILL YOU HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU-- AND THEN FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF!

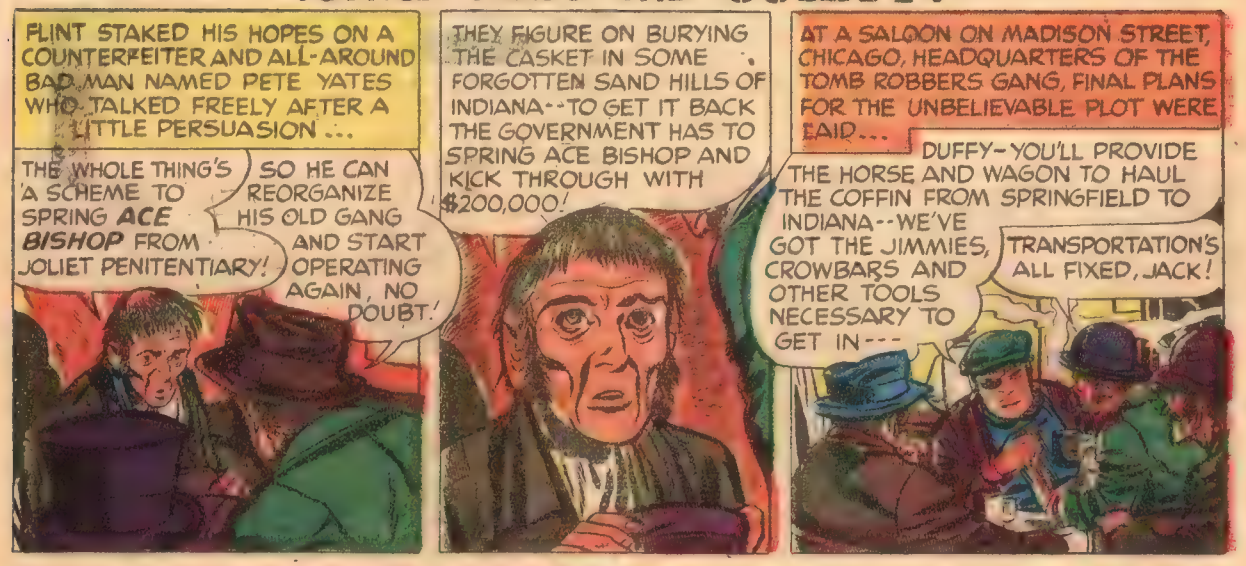

I'M PUTTING YOU WISE TO THE BIGGEST JOB EVER PULLED OFF--A COUPLE OF TOUGH CUSTOMERS I USED TO PAL AROUND WITH NAMED JACK HENRY AND MIKE SIMPSON ARE GOING TO SWIPE THE CASKET WITH LINCOLN'S BODY AND MAKE THE COUNTRY PAY TO GET IT BACK!

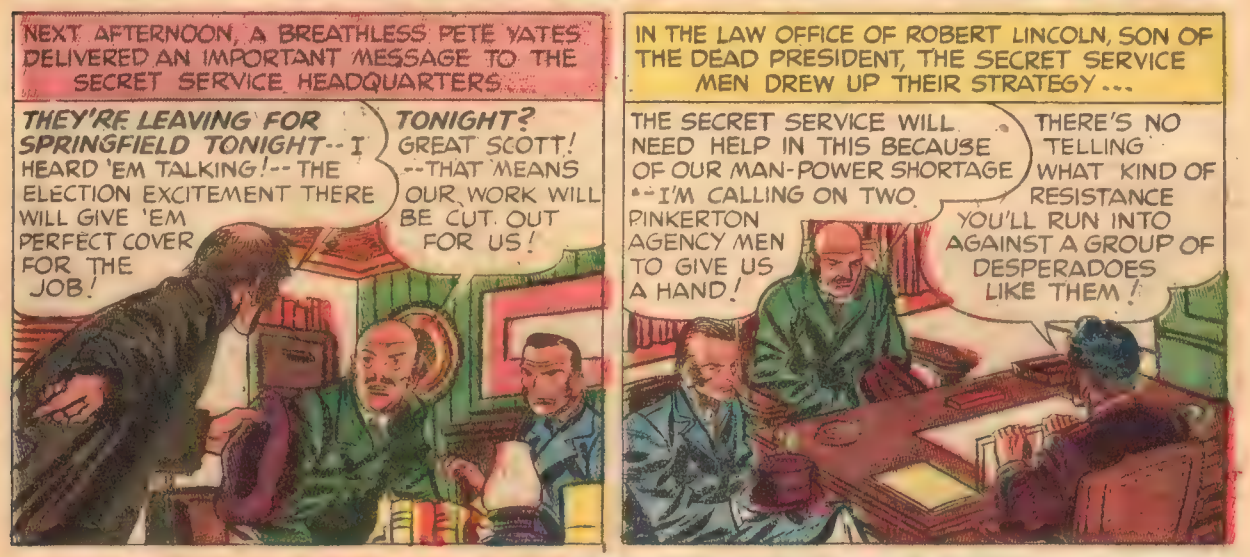
AS THE STUNNED ALLEN HEARD THE AMAZING PLAN UNFOLD, BILLY DANIELS RUSHED ON WITH THE DETAILS!
THEY'VE ALREADY LOOKED THE PLACE OVER AND NOW THEY'RE BRINGING IN EQUIPMENT--BOTH OF 'EM ARE PLENTY HANDY WITH TOOLS!

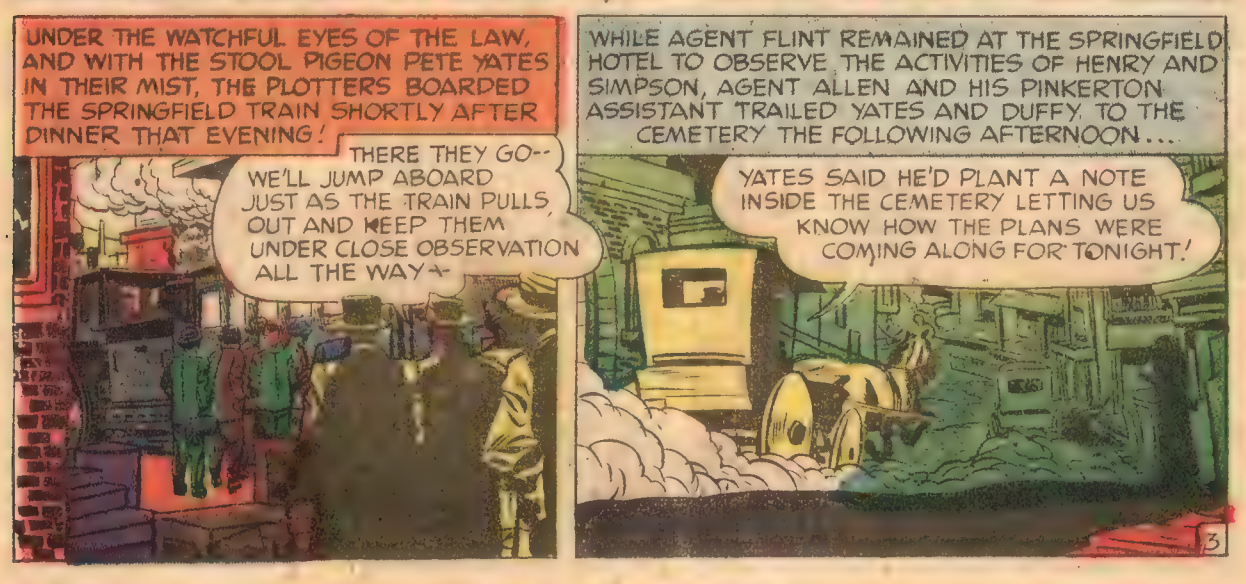
NOW DOES THAT MAKE US EVEN FOR THE FAVOR YOU DID ME, MR. ALLEN?
IT SURE DOES, BILLY-- I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL FOR THE TIP, SON!

WITHOUT LOSING ANOTHER MINUTE, AGENT ALLEN GOT IN TOUCH WITH KENNETH FLINT, HEAD OF THE CHICAGO SECRET SERVICE BUREAU, AND PASSED ALONG THE DISTURBING NEWS---
WE HAVEN'T GOT A MINUTE TO LOSE, ALLEN--AND I THINK I KNOW JUST THE PARTY WHO CAN HELP US!

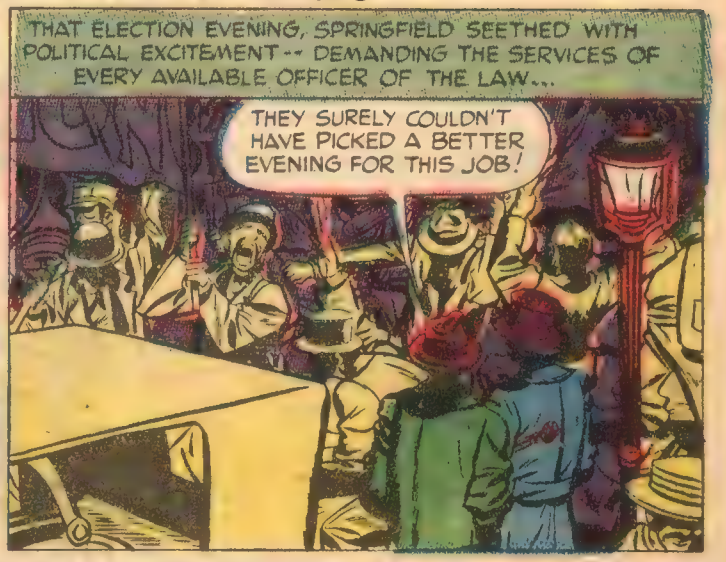
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

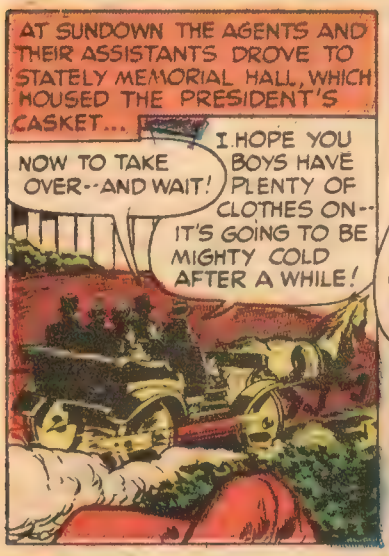


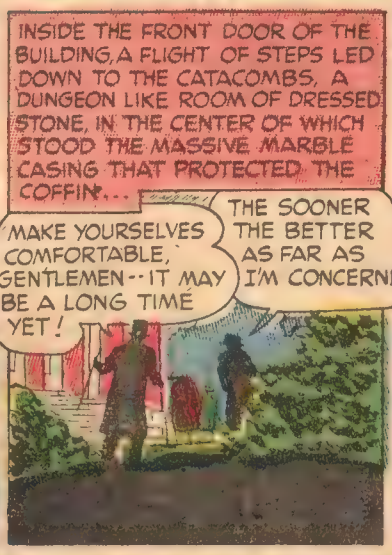


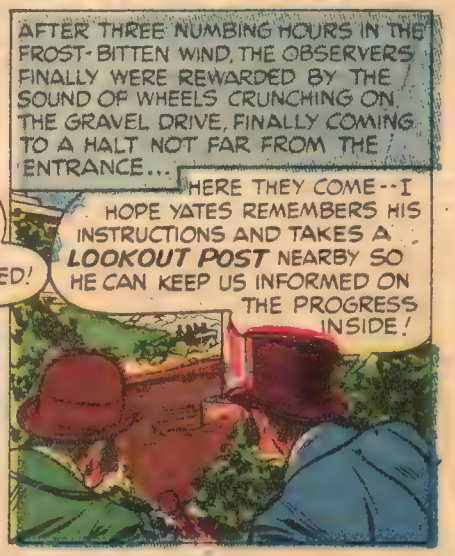


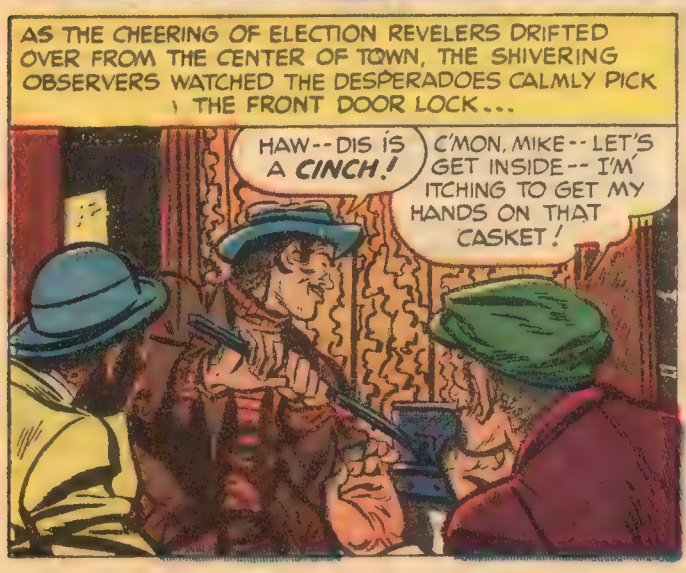
EVERYTHING O.K., YATES SAYS-- PLANS PERFECTED FOR TONIGHT'S JOB -- WHICH MEANS A BIG EVENING FOR US!


THAT ELECTION EVENING, SPRINGFIELD SEETHED WITH POLITICAL EXCITEMENT -- DEMANDING THE SERVICES OF EVERY AVAILABLE OFFICER OF THE LAW...
THEY SURELY COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER EVENING FOR THIS JOB!


AT SUNDOWN THE AGENTS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS DROVE TO STATELY MEMORIAL HALL, WHICH HOUSED THE PRESIDENT'S CASKET...
NOW TO TAKE OVER--AND WAIT!
I HOPE YOU BOYS HAVE PLENTY OF CLOTHES ON-- IT'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY COLD AFTER A WHILE!

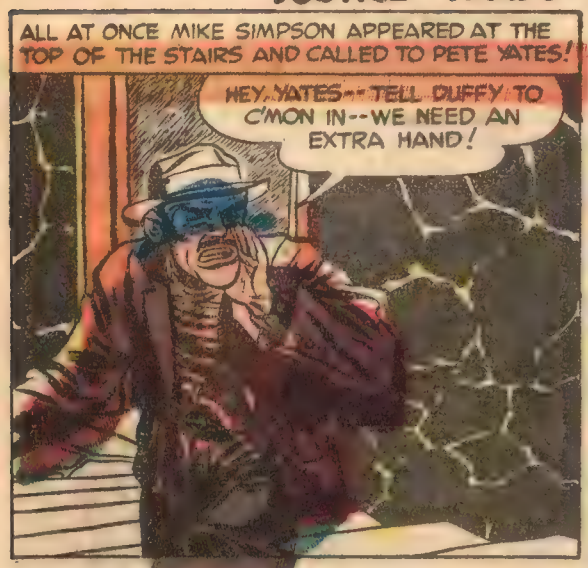

INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR OF THE BUILDING, A FLIGHT OF STEPS LED DOWN TO THE CATACOMBS, A DUNGEON LIKE ROOM OF DRESSED STONE, IN THE CENTER OF WHICH STOOD THE MASSIVE MARBLE CASING THAT PROTECTED THE COFFIN...
MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE, GENTLEMEN -- IT MAY BE A LONG TIME YET!
THE SOONER THE BETTER AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED!

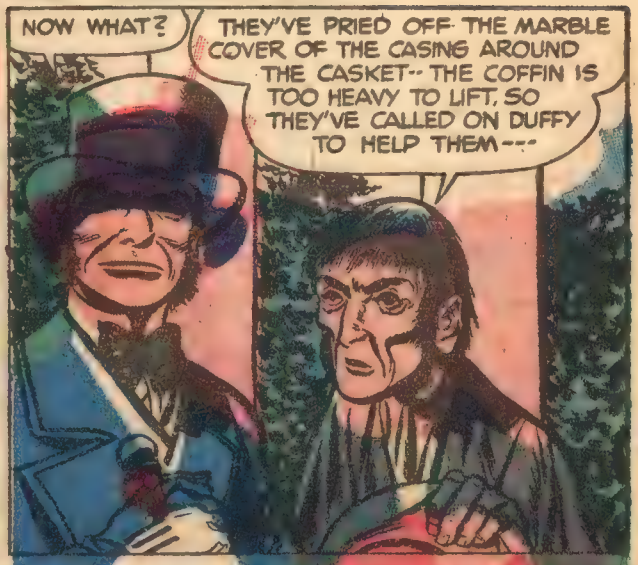

AFTER THREE NUMBING HOURS IN THE FROST-BITTEN WIND, THE OBSERVERS FINALLY WERE REWARDED BY THE SOUND OF WHEELS CRUNCHING ON THE GRAVEL DRIVE, FINALLY COMING TO A HALT NOT FAR FROM THE ENTRANCE...
HERE THEY COME -- I HOPE YATES REMEMBERS HIS INSTRUCTIONS AND TAKES A LOOKOUT POST NEARBY SO HE CAN KEEP US INFORMED ON THE PROGRESS INSIDE!

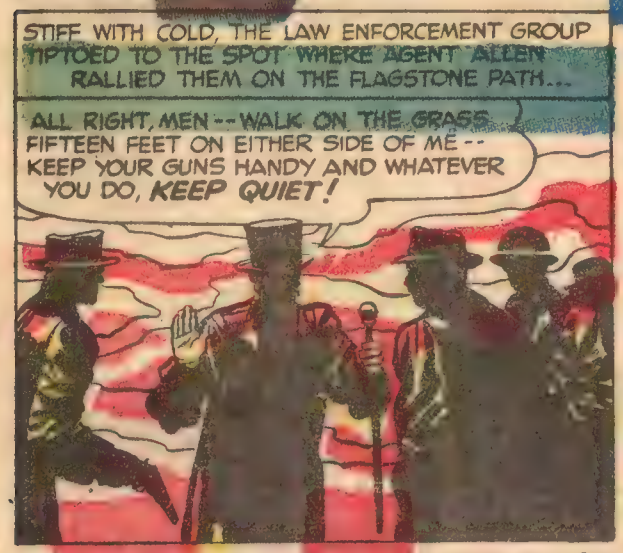

AS THE CHEERING OF ELECTION REVELERS DRIFTED OVER FROM THE CENTER OF TOWN, THE SHIVERING OBSERVERS WATCHED THE DESPERADOES CALMLY PICK THE FRONT DOOR LOCK...
HAW -- DIS IS A CINCH!
C'MON, MIKE -- LET'S GET INSIDE -- I'M ITCHING TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT CASKET!

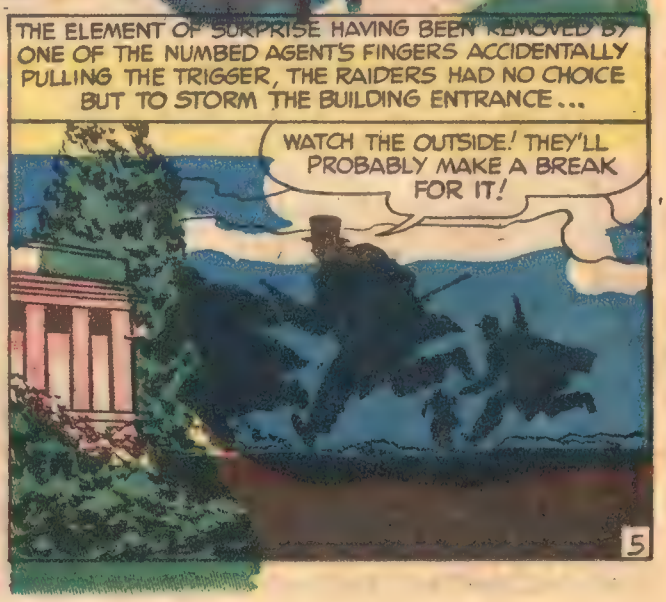
THEY'RE INSIDE NOW -- BUT THEY'VE STILL GOT TO OPEN THE CATACOMBS --
FOR PETE'S SAKE -- AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE FROZEN STIFF BY THE TIME THEY GET THAT CASKET!

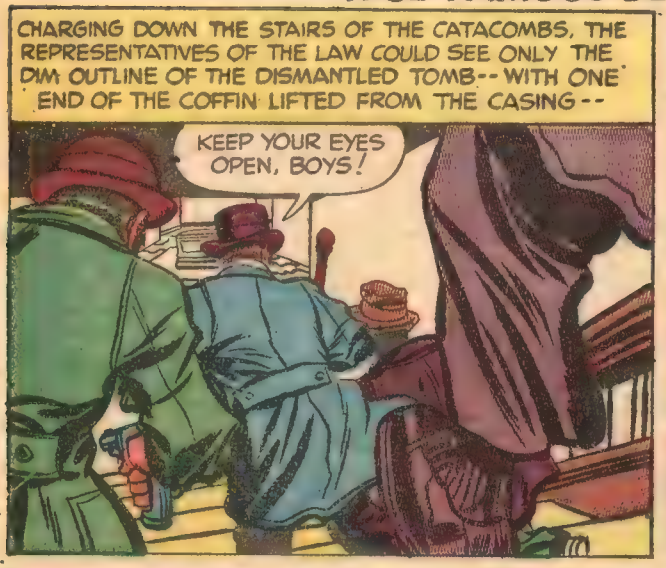
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

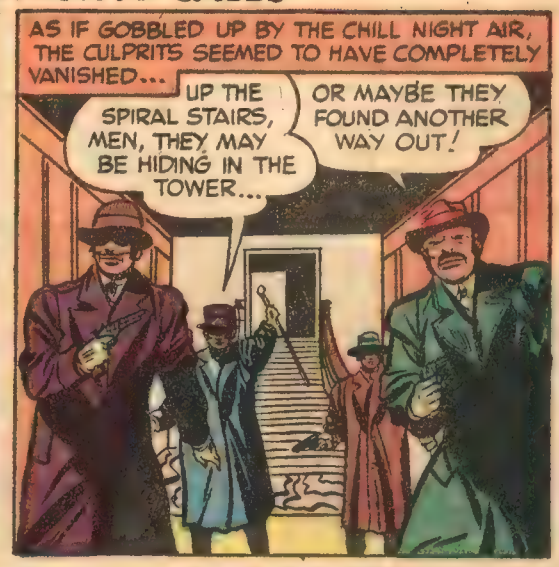


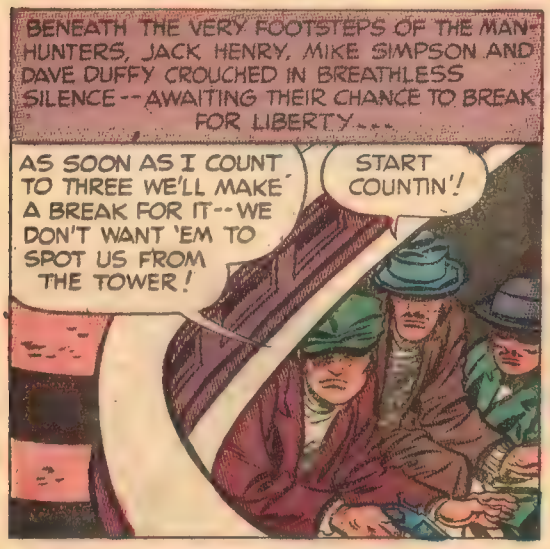






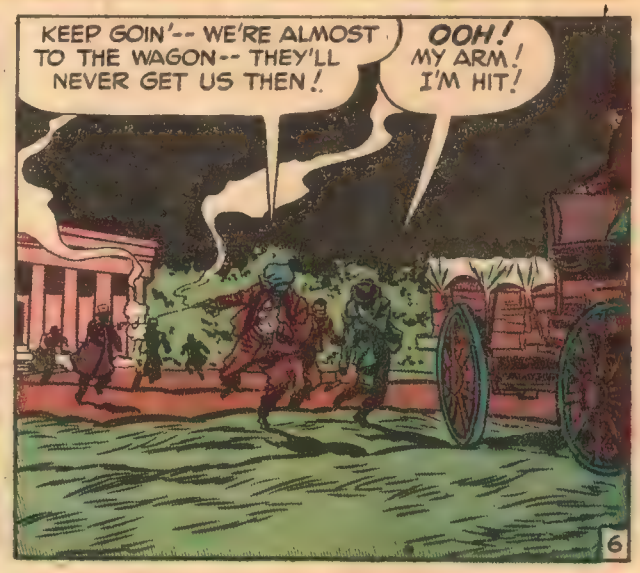

CHARGING DOWN THE STAIRS OF THE CATACOMBS, THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE LAW COULD SEE ONLY THE DIM OUTLINE OF THE DISMANTLED TOMB-- WITH ONE END OF THE COFFIN LIFTED FROM THE CASING--
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, BOYS!


AS IF GOBBLED UP BY THE CHILL NIGHT AIR, THE CULPRITS SEEMED TO HAVE COMPLETELY VANISHED...
UP THE SPIRAL STAIRS, MEN, THEY MAY BE HIDING IN THE TOWER...
OR MAYBE THEY FOUND ANOTHER WAY OUT!

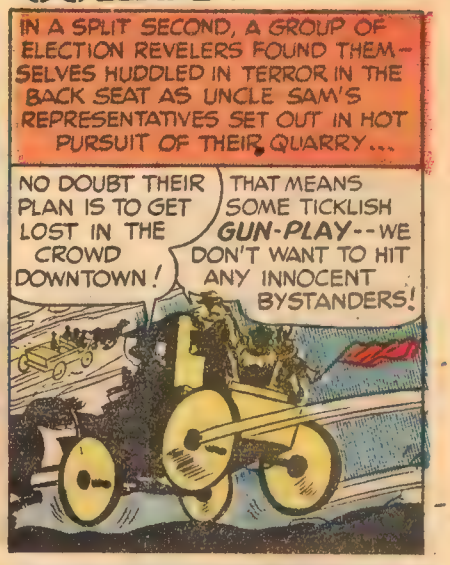

BENEATH THE VERY FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAN-HUNTERS, JACK HENRY, MIKE SIMPSON AND DAVE DUFFY CROUCHED IN BREATHLESS SILENCE--AWAITING THEIR CHANCE TO BREAK FOR LIBERTY...
AS SOON AS I COUNT TO THREE WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT--WE DON'T WANT 'EM TO SPOT US FROM THE TOWER!
START COUNTIN'!

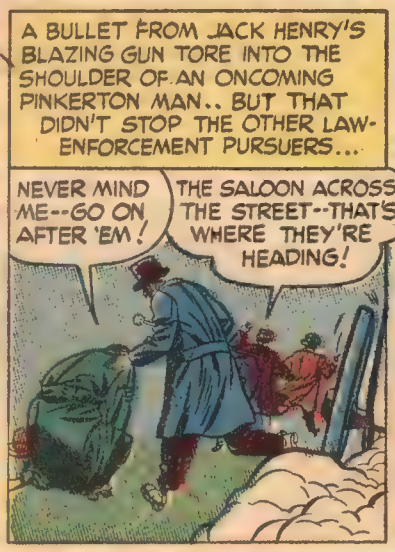
THIS TIME IT WAS THE FUGITIVES' TURN TO GIVE THEMSELVES AWAY... A CROWBAR NEAR THE TOMB TRIPPED UP THE FEET OF THE FLEEING DUFFY---
WHAT DA--
DUFFY!!

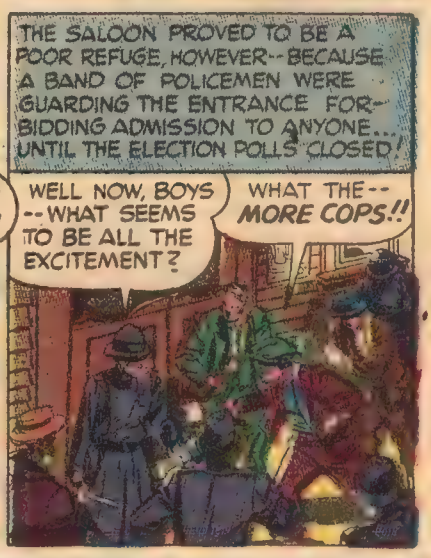
---AND BROUGHT THE SEARCHERS DOWN THE STAIRCASE WITH GUNS BLAZING...
THERE THEY GO! --LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!
KEEP AFTER 'EM-- WE CAN'T LET THEM GET OUT OF SIGHT NOW!

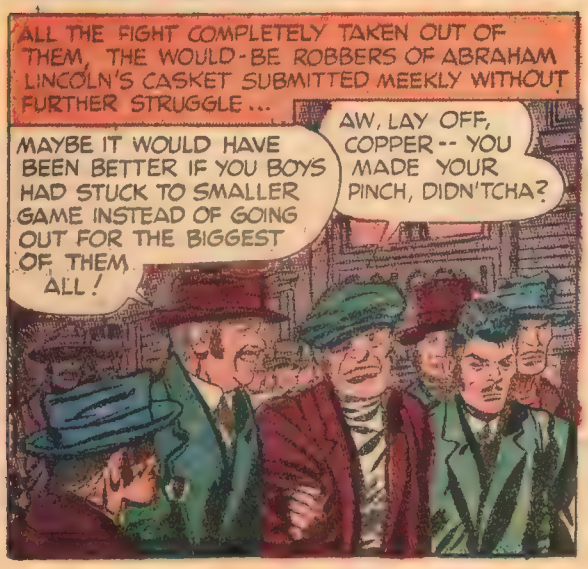

KEEP GOIN'-- WE'RE ALMOST TO THE WAGON-- THEY'LL NEVER GET US THEN!
OOH! MY ARM! I'M HIT!

JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!



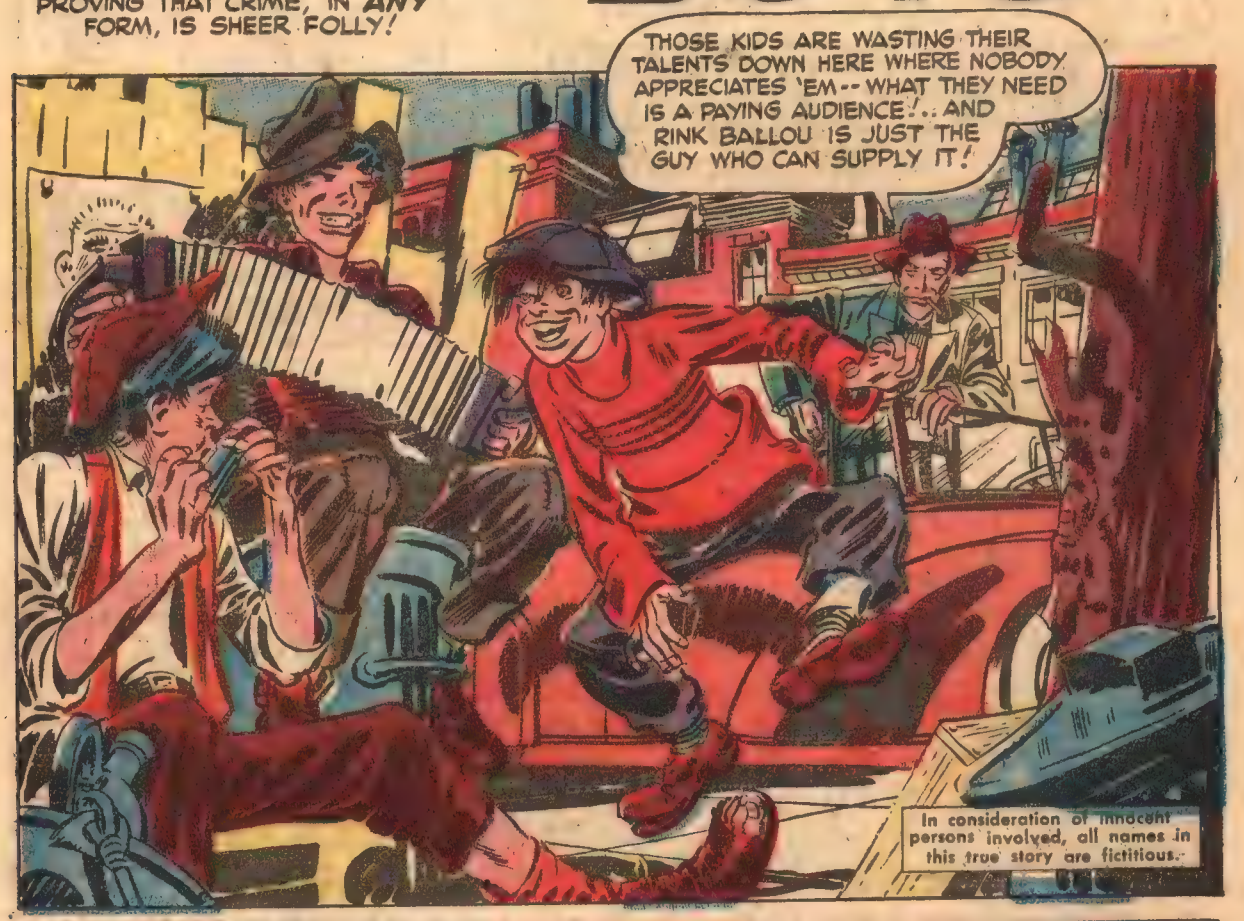






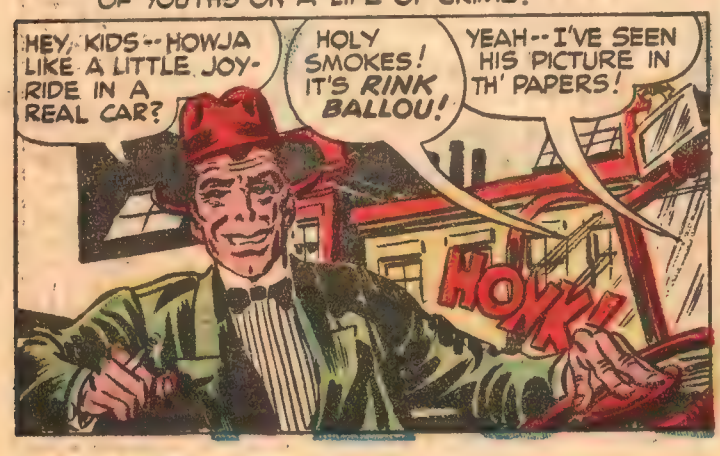
TO ALL BOYS WHO ARE TEMPTED TO SEEK EASY LIVING ON THE SHADY SIDE OF THE LAW, THIS TRUE STORY IS AN OBJECT LESSON, EXPOSING ONCE AGAIN THE COWARDICE THAT IS IN ALL CRIMINALS WHEN THEY ARE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE --- AND PROVING THAT CRIME, IN *ANY* FORM, IS SHEER FOLLY!

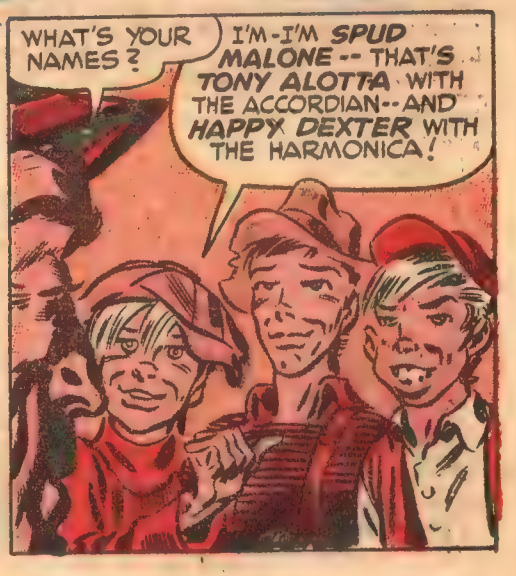
GUILTY BOYS



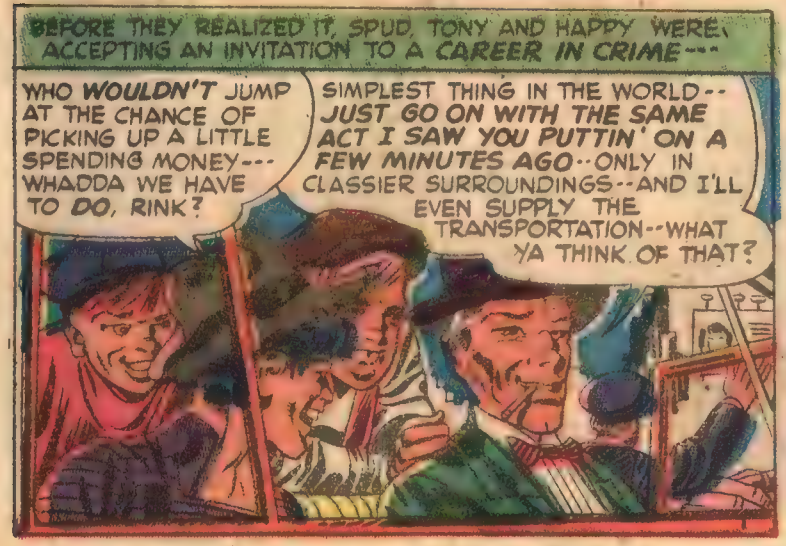
In consideration of innocent persons involved, all names in this true story are fictitious.

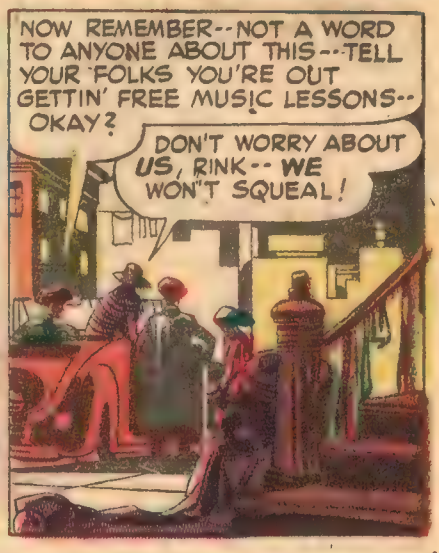
A GROUP OF YOUNGSTERS PROVIDING THEIR OWN ENTERTAINMENT ON A STREET CORNER OF NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE GAVE MOBSTER RINK BALLOU THE IDEA FOR A RACKET DESIGNED TO LAUNCH SCORES OF YOUTHS ON A LIFE OF CRIME!

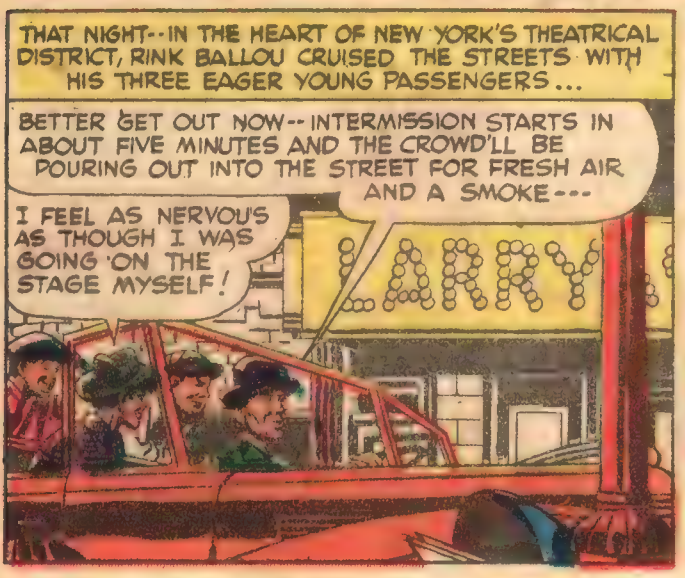


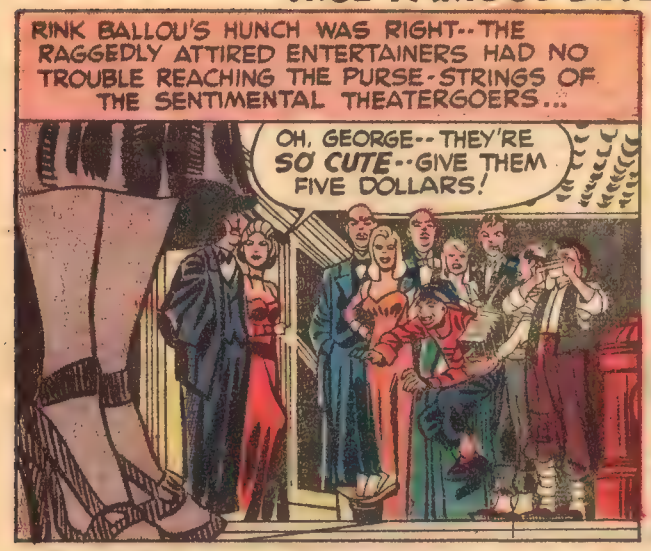


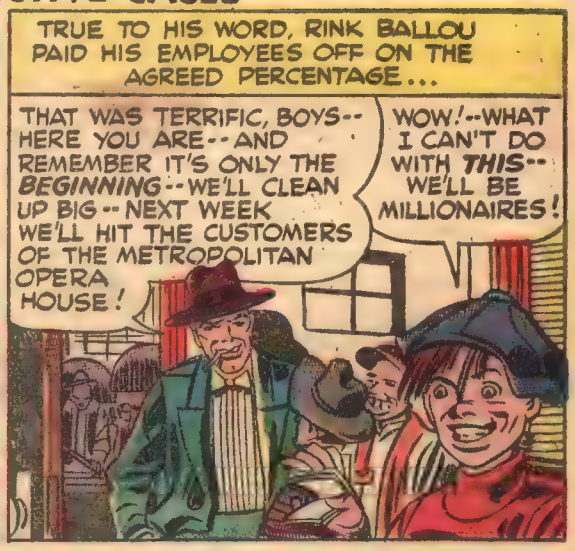
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

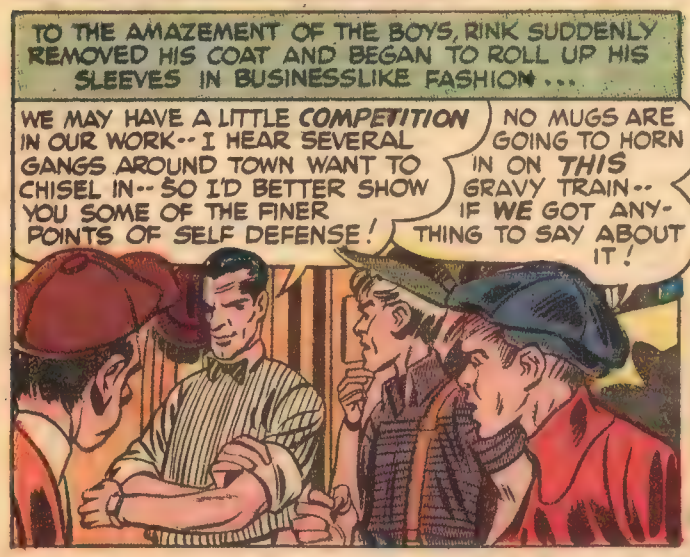


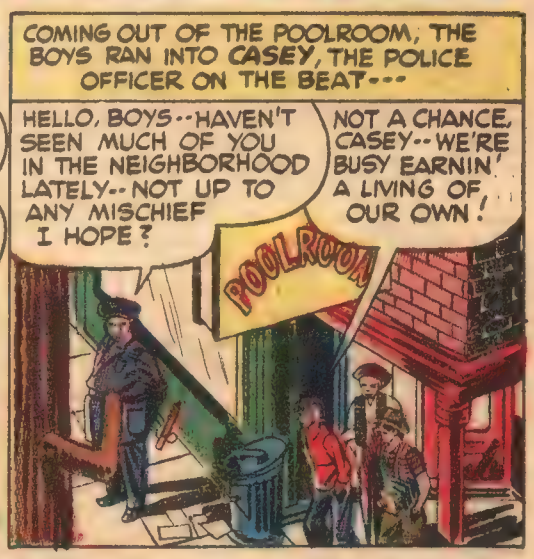


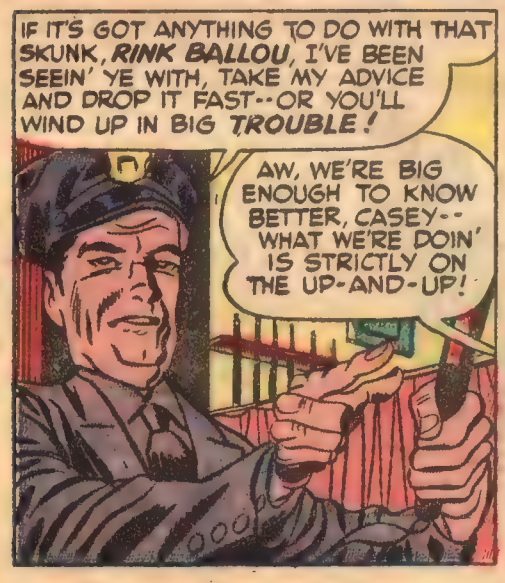



RINK BALLOU'S HUNCH WAS RIGHT--THE RAGGEDLY ATTIRED ENTERTAINERS HAD NO TROUBLE REACHING THE PURSE-STRINGS OF THE SENTIMENTAL THEATERGOERS...
OH, GEORGE--THEY'RE SO CUTE--GIVE THEM FIVE DOLLARS!

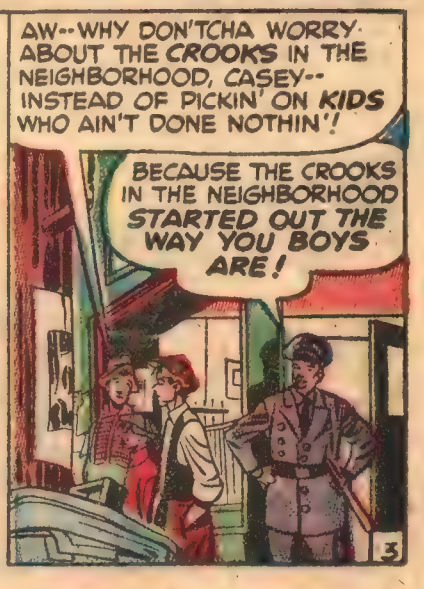

TRUE TO HIS WORD, RINK BALLOU PAID HIS EMPLOYEES OFF ON THE AGREED PERCENTAGE...
THAT WAS TERRIFIC, BOYS--HERE YOU ARE--AND REMEMBER IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING--WE'LL CLEAN UP BIG--NEXT WEEK WE'LL HIT THE CUSTOMERS OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE!
WOW!--WHAT I CAN'T DO WITH THIS--WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES!


TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE BOYS, RINK SUDDENLY REMOVED HIS COAT AND BEGAN TO ROLL UP HIS SLEEVES IN BUSINESSLIKE FASHION...
WE MAY HAVE A LITTLE COMPETITION IN OUR WORK--I HEAR SEVERAL GANGS AROUND TOWN WANT TO CHISEL IN--SO I'D BETTER SHOW YOU SOME OF THE FINER POINTS OF SELF DEFENSE!
NO MUGS ARE GOING TO HORN IN ON THIS GRAVY TRAIN--IF WE GOT ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT!

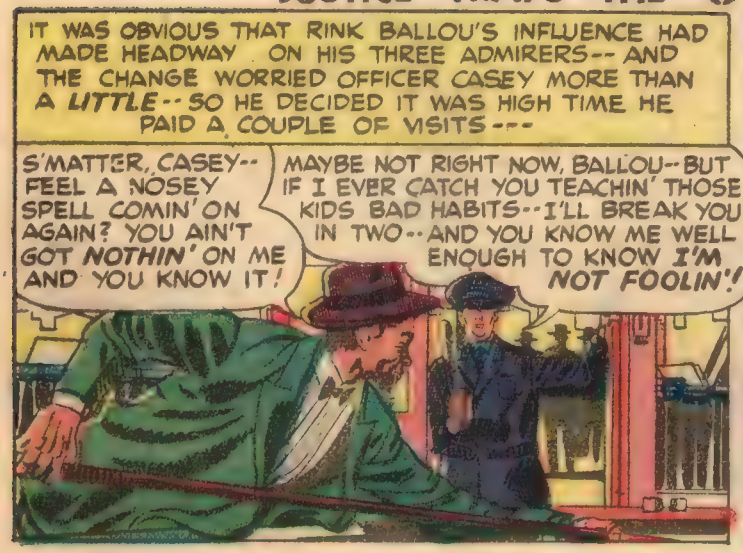

COMING OUT OF THE POOLROOM, THE BOYS RAN INTO CASEY, THE POLICE OFFICER ON THE BEAT---
HELLO, BOYS--HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF YOU IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD LATELY--NOT UP TO ANY MISCHIEF I HOPE?
NOT A CHANCE, CASEY--WE'RE BUSY EARNIN' A LIVING OF OUR OWN!
POOLROOM

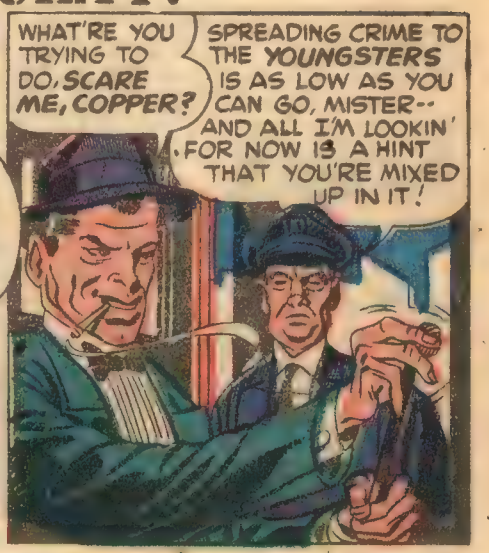

IF IT'S GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT SKUNK, RINK BALLOU, I'VE BEEN SEEIN' YE WITH, TAKE MY ADVICE AND DROP IT FAST--OR YOU'LL WIND UP IN BIG TROUBLE!
AW, WE'RE BIG ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER, CASEY--WHAT WE'RE DOIN' IS STRICTLY ON THE UP-AND-UP!

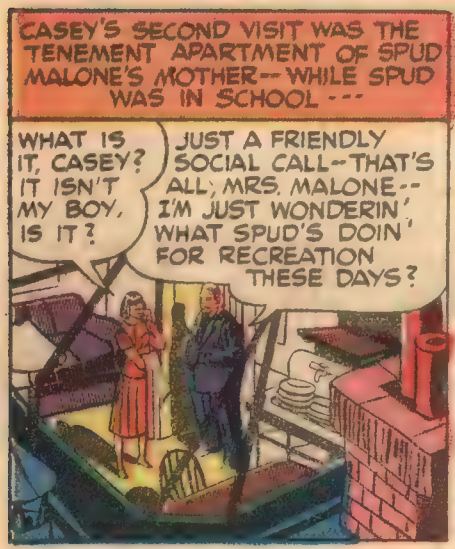
ANYTHING CONNECTED WITH RINK BALLOU'S GOT CRIME WRITTEN ALL OVER IT--INSTEAD OF HANGING AROUND THE POOLROOM WHY DON'T YOU GET SMART AND JOIN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S SPORT CLUB!

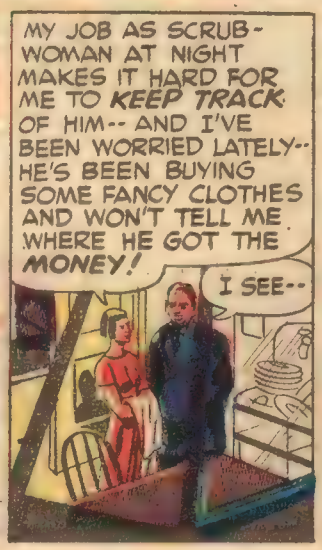

AW--WHY DON'TCHA WORRY ABOUT THE CROOKS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, CASEY--INSTEAD OF PICKIN' ON KIDS WHO AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!
BECAUSE THE CROOKS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD STARTED OUT THE WAY YOU BOYS ARE!

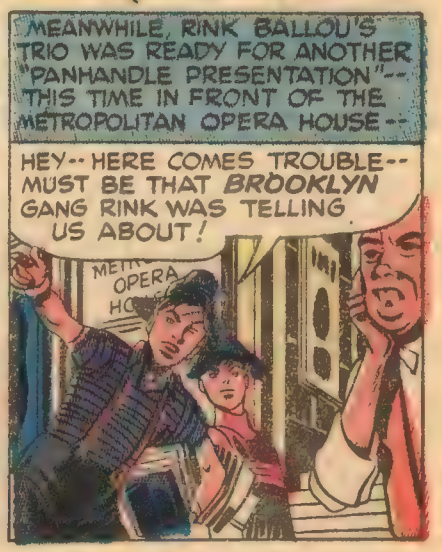
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

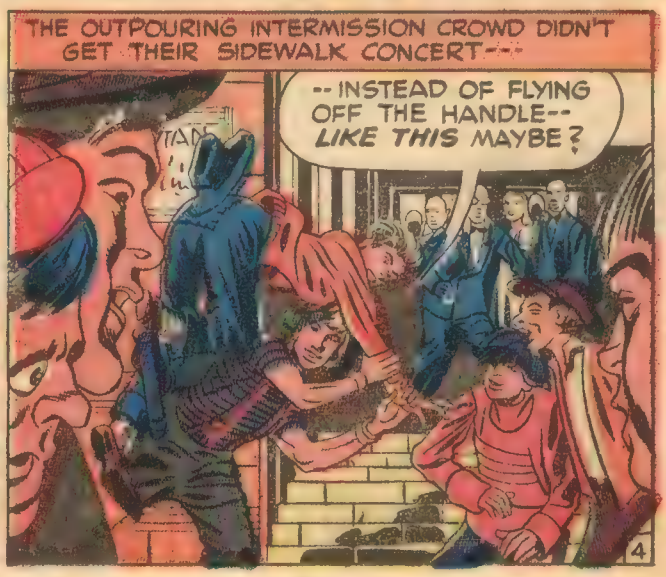












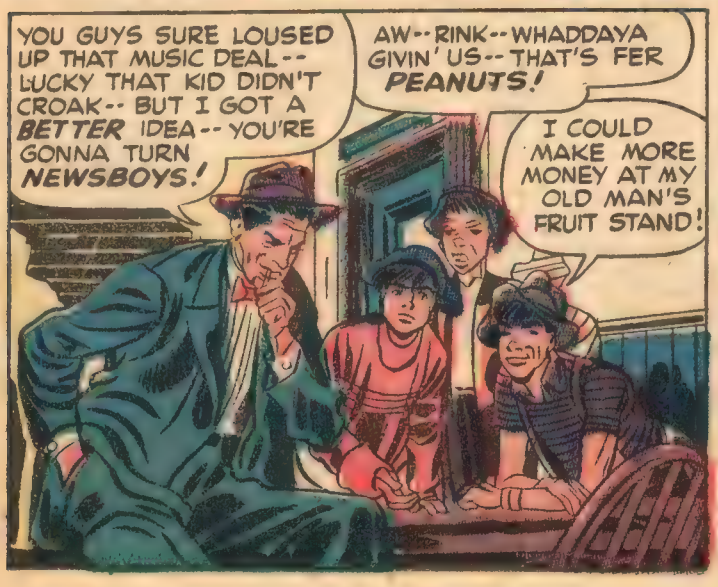
BUT THE OPERA LOVERS CERTAINLY GOT AN IMPRESSIVE EXHIBITION OF JUDO, AS TAUGHT BY RINK BALLOU...
ANYTHING I CAN'T STAND IS RUDE PEOPLE!
TRY THAT ONE FOR SIZE, PUNK!

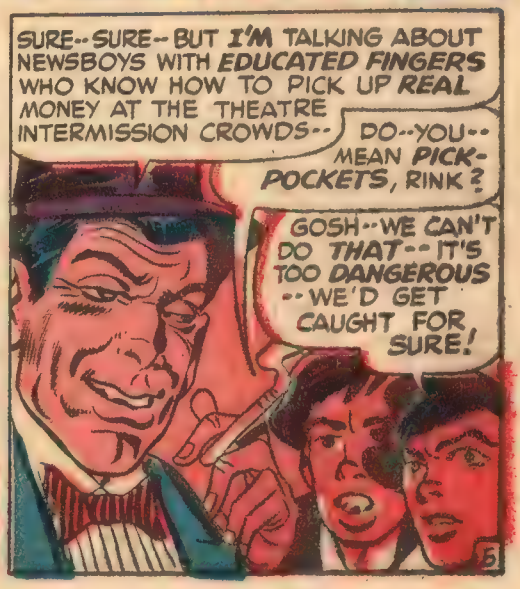
AS THE TERRIFIED SPECTATORS LOOKED ON, ONE OF THE BROOKLYN BOYS FLEW THROUGH THE AIR AND BASHED HIS HEAD AGAINST A FIRE PLUG...
KLUNK!

FEARFUL OF THEIR OWN SKINS, THE REMAINDER OF THE BROOKLYN GANG FLED, LEAVING THEIR FALLEN PAL BEHIND...
SPUD!--HAPPY!--LOOK!--I-I THINK HE'S HURT BAD!

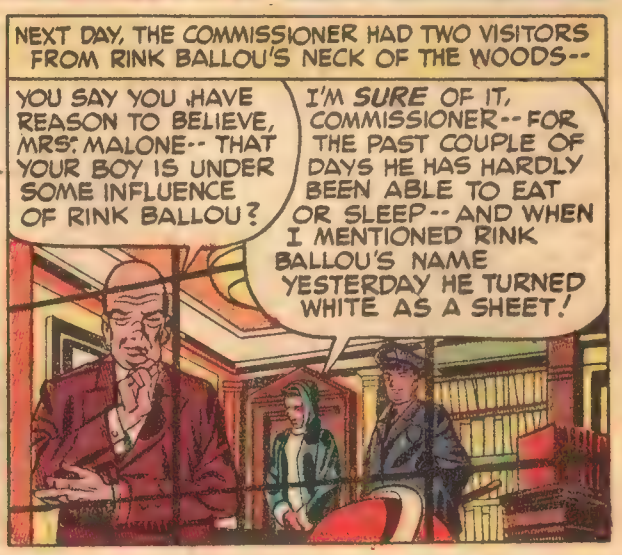
CHEE--YOU DON'T SUPPOSE HE'S DEAD, DO YA?
HE'S SURE AWFUL STILL!

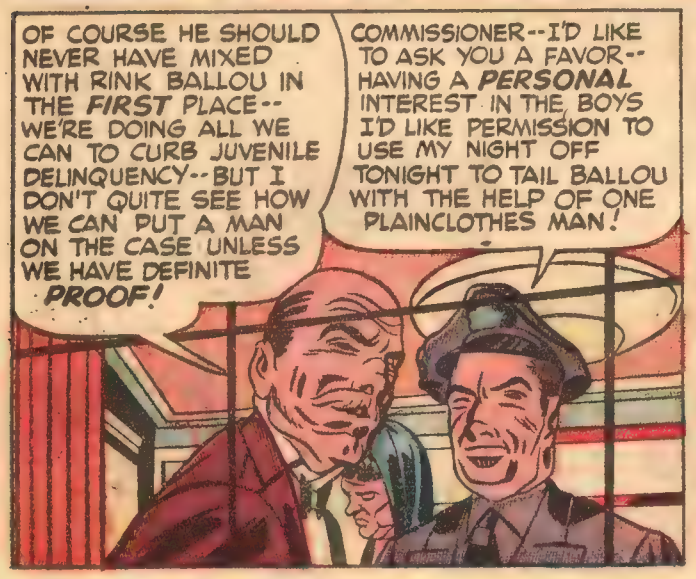
COPS! C'MON GUYS--WE GOTTA SCRAM OUTTA HERE--REMEMBER WHAT RINK SAID!

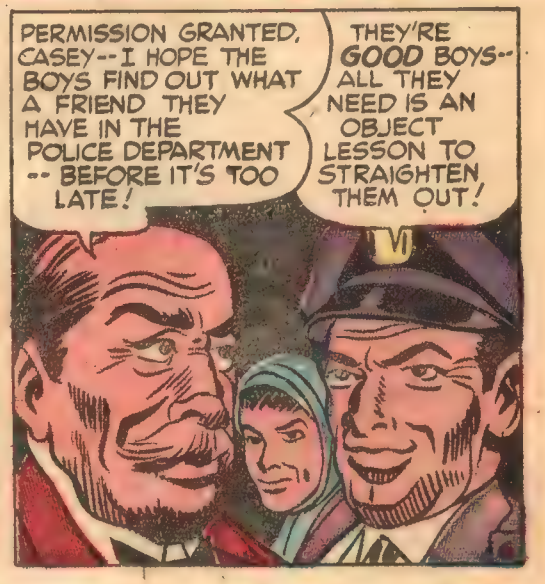

YOU GUYS SURE LOUSED UP THAT MUSIC DEAL--LUCKY THAT KID DIDN'T CROAK--BUT I GOT A BETTER IDEA--YOU'RE GONNA TURN NEWSBOYS!
AW--RINK--WHADDAYA GIVIN' US--THAT'S FER PEANUTS!
I COULD MAKE MORE MONEY AT MY OLD MAN'S FRUIT STAND!

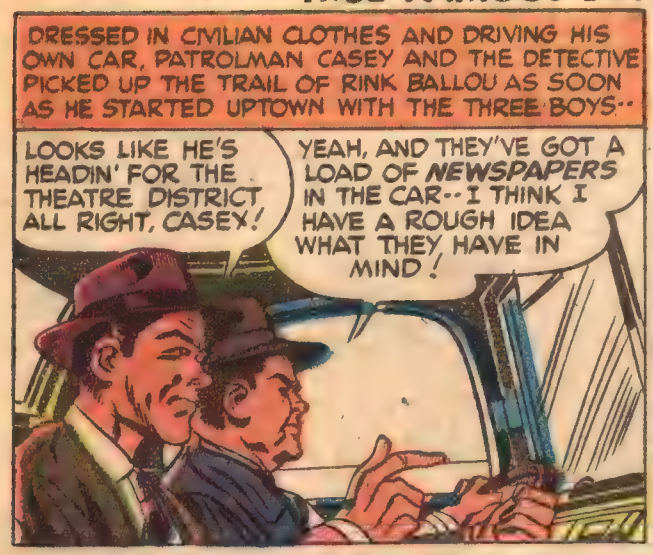

SURE--SURE--BUT I'M TALKING ABOUT NEWSBOYS WITH EDUCATED FINGERS WHO KNOW HOW TO PICK UP REAL MONEY AT THE THEATRE INTERMISSION CROWDS--
DO--YOU--MEAN PICK-POCKETS, RINK?
GOSH--WE CAN'T DO THAT--IT'S TOO DANGEROUS--WE'D GET CAUGHT FOR SURE!

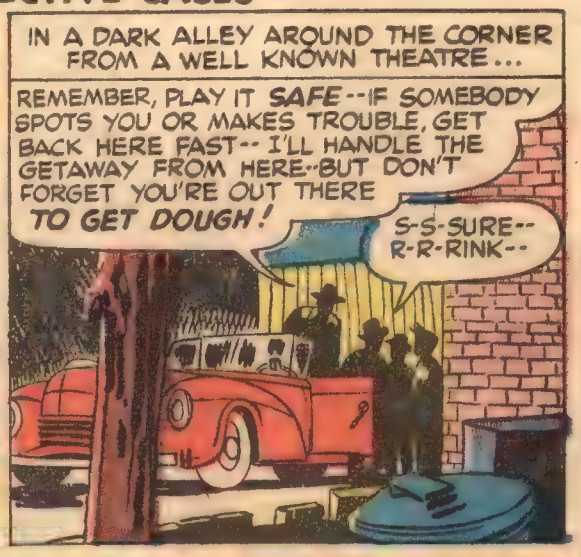
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

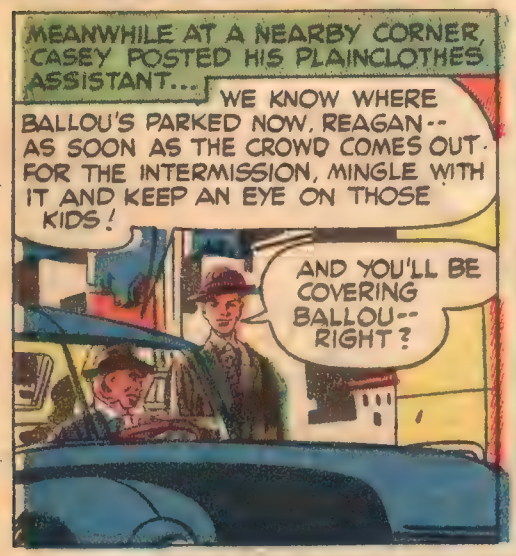


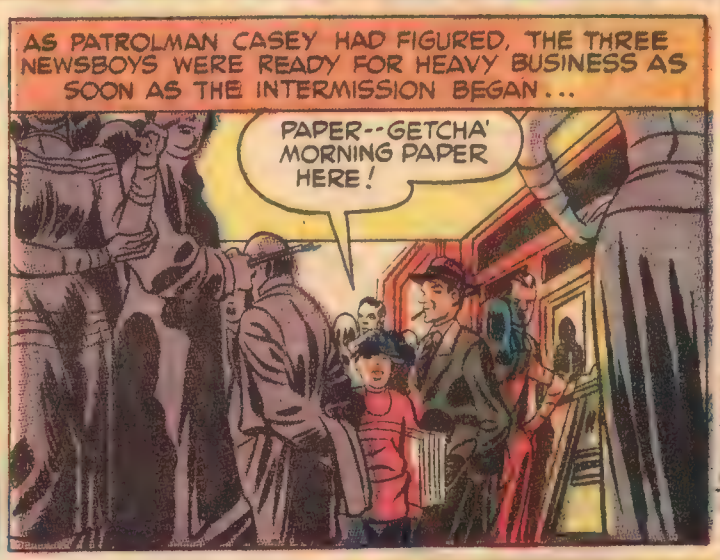


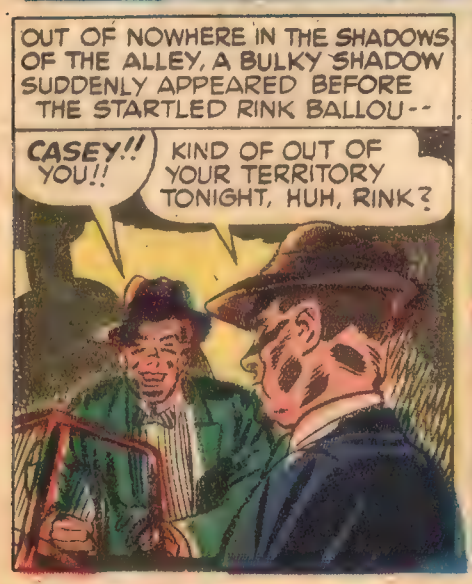



DRESSED IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES AND DRIVING HIS OWN CAR, PATROLMAN CASEY AND THE DETECTIVE PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF RINK BALLOU AS SOON AS HE STARTED UPTOWN WITH THE THREE BOYS--
LOOKS LIKE HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE THEATRE DISTRICT ALL RIGHT, CASEY!
YEAH, AND THEY'VE GOT A LOAD OF NEWSPAPERS IN THE CAR--I THINK I HAVE A ROUGH IDEA WHAT THEY HAVE IN MIND!


IN A DARK ALLEY AROUND THE CORNER FROM A WELL KNOWN THEATRE...
REMEMBER, PLAY IT SAFE--IF SOMEBODY SPOTS YOU OR MAKES TROUBLE, GET BACK HERE FAST--I'LL HANDLE THE GETAWAY FROM HERE--BUT DON'T FORGET YOU'RE OUT THERE TO GET DOUGH!
S-S-SURE--R-R-RINK--

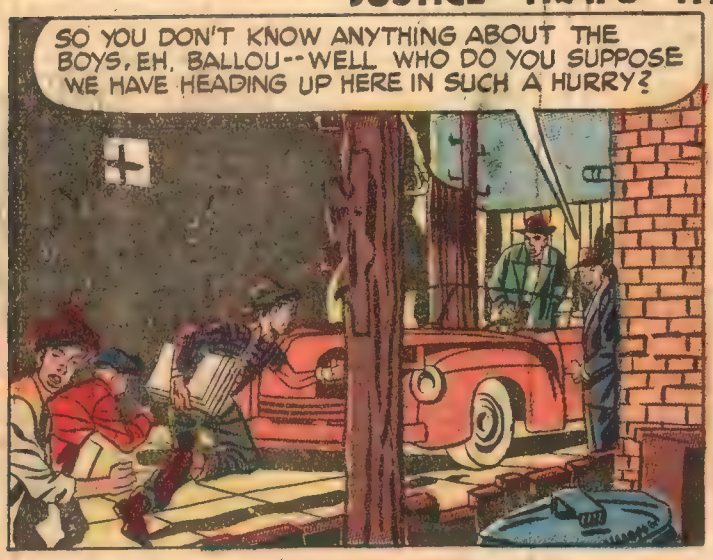

MEANWHILE AT A NEARBY CORNER, CASEY POSTED HIS PLAINCLOTHES ASSISTANT...
WE KNOW WHERE BALLOU'S PARKED NOW, REAGAN--AS SOON AS THE CROWD COMES OUT FOR THE INTERMISSION, MINGLE WITH IT AND KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE KIDS!
AND YOU'LL BE COVERING BALLOU--RIGHT?

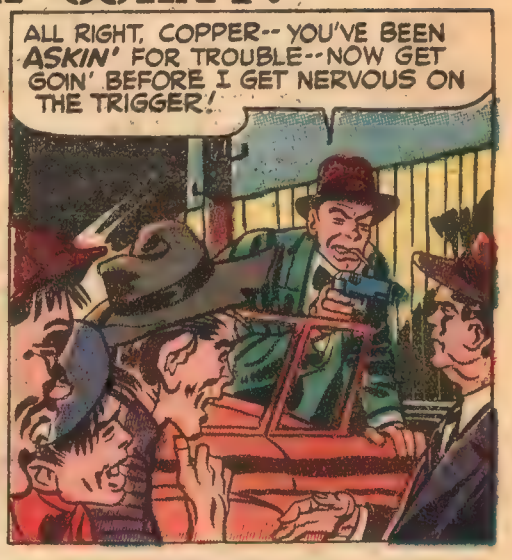

AS PATROLMAN CASEY HAD FIGURED, THE THREE NEWSBOYS WERE READY FOR HEAVY BUSINESS AS SOON AS THE INTERMISSION BEGAN...
PAPER--GETCHA' MORNING PAPER HERE!

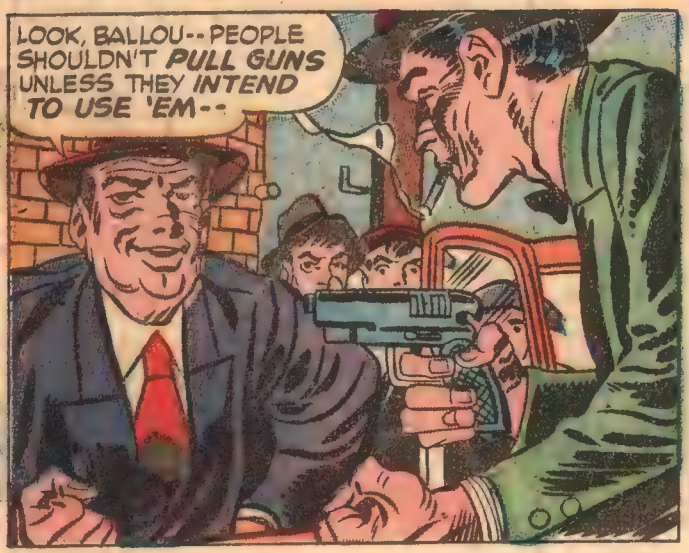

OUT OF NOWHERE IN THE SHADOWS OF THE ALLEY, A BULKY SHADOW SUDDENLY APPEARED BEFORE THE STARTLED RINK BALLOU--
CASEY!! YOU!!
KIND OF OUT OF YOUR TERRITORY TONIGHT, HUH, RINK?

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA--YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME--LIKE I SAID BEFORE!
I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE, BALLOU--BECAUSE IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE INVOLVED WITH THOSE KIDS, I'VE GOT A PROMISE TO KEEP, YOU KNOW--

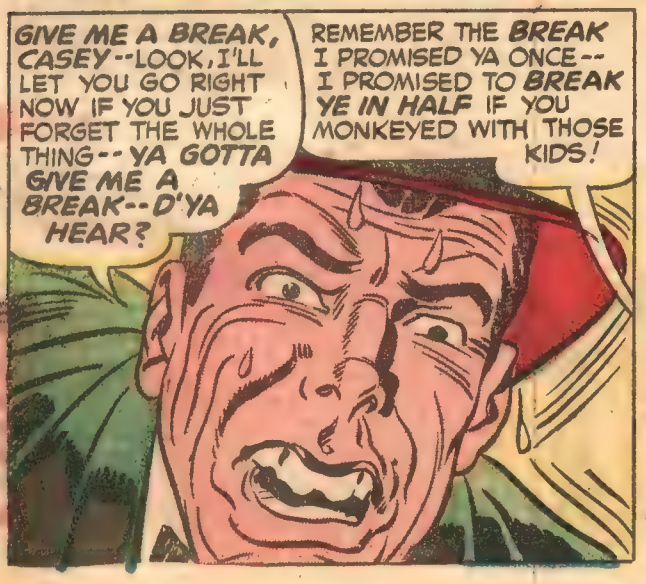
IN FRONT OF THE SWARMING THEATRE, DETECTIVE REAGAN SUDDENLY BEGAN TO BELLOW FURIOUSLY--
HELP! POLICE! MY BILLFOLD! IT'S GONE!
TONY--HAPPY--SCRAM!


SO YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE BOYS, EH, BALLOU--WELL WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE WE HAVE HEADING UP HERE IN SUCH A HURRY?


ALL RIGHT, COPPER--YOU'VE BEEN ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE--NOW GET GOIN' BEFORE I GET NERVOUS ON THE TRIGGER!


LOOK, BALLOU--PEOPLE SHOULDN'T PULL GUNS UNLESS THEY INTEND TO USE 'EM--

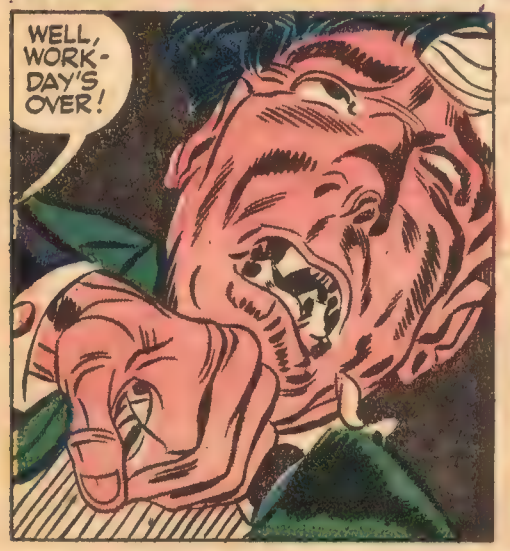
--AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW YOU'RE TOO YELLOW TO PULL THAT TRIGGER--
W-WHO'S Y-YELLOW?


GIVE ME A BREAK, CASEY--LOOK, I'LL LET YOU GO RIGHT NOW IF YOU JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING--YA GOTTA GIVE ME A BREAK--D'YA HEAR?
REMEMBER THE BREAK I PROMISED YA ONCE--I PROMISED TO BREAK YE IN HALF IF YOU MONKEYED WITH THOSE KIDS!

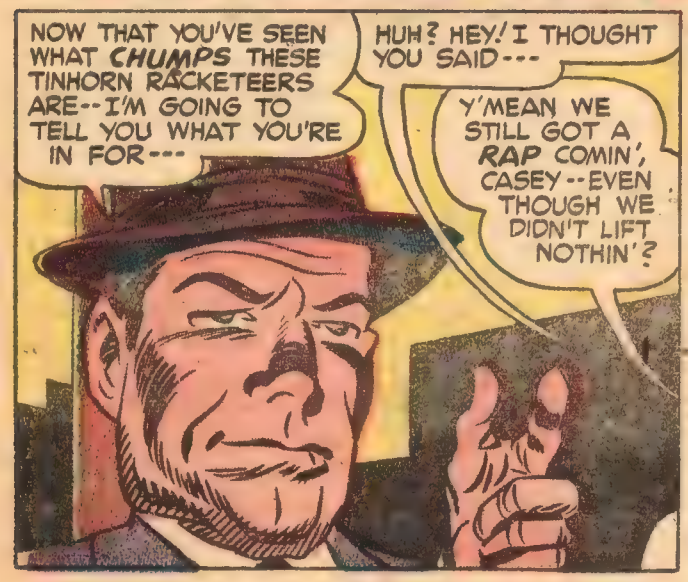
WELL--NOW IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE ACTION!

OUT YE COME, BUCKO--

--SO WE CAN HAVE A LITTLE ROOM TO WORK!


WELL, WORK-DAY'S OVER!

GEE, CASEY-- WE SHOULD'A LISTENED TO YOU ALL ALONG-- BUT WE DIDN'T STEAL TONIGHT-- HONEST!
YOU'VE MADE A BIG MISTAKE, BOYS--BUT I THINK YOU LEAR A LESSON TONIGHT--WITH TH HELP OF A POLICEMAN FRIEN OF MINE!


NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN WHAT CHUMPS THESE TINHORN RACKETEERS ARE--I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE IN FOR---
HUH? HEY! I THOUGHT YOU SAID---
Y'MEAN WE STILL GOT A RAP COMIN', CASEY--EVEN THOUGH WE DIDN'T LIFT NOTHIN'?

YE' LADS KNEW WHAT YE' WERE U TO--YE'RE NOT BLAMELESS BY MEANS--AND I'LL NOT BE CALL THINGS SQUARE UNTIL I SEE ON THE NEIGHBORHOOD POLI ATHLETIC LEAGUE TEAM!
CASEY--JUST N THE TRYOUT DAT WE'LL BE THERE MORE BUCKIN' LAW FO

A STRANGE JURY ROOM

DISTRICT ATTORNEY, Tom Andrews, stroked his small moustache with the middle finger of his right hand, which always meant that he felt well pleased with himself. Tom Andrews hadn't stroked his moustache for quite some time before this, for murderous crime had been rampant in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and the newspapers had been riding the police and the D.A. with concentrated fury over the few arrests and fewer convictions.

But in this case of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs Butch Henderson et al for the daylight murder of Edward Norris, the D.A. had seen the murder committer. How on earth, gang, and had two witnesses, one who had been asked by Butch to lend him a hack saw to shorten a shotgun, and the other a reputable woman who had seen the murders committed. How on earth, though Tom Andrews, can the D.A.'s office lose *this* case?

So on the morning of May 15, 1926, with the warm sunlight of Spring coming through the windows of the Court of Quarter Sessions, the Honorable Simon Adams, presiding, the trial of the cold blooded murderer, Butch Henderson, got under weigh, and two hours later blew up with a loud bang right in the face of the confident and now amazed District Attorney.

Oh, the defense did not question for one moment that the harmless and elderly gentleman, named Edward Norris, had been shot down on the public streets. Nor did the defense attempt to deny that the said Norris had, on this Friday morning as on other Friday mornings, gone to the bank and got the $3500 payroll for the Atlas Paving Company for whom he was paymaster. And it did not dispute the D.A.'s contention that just before he reached the office of the Paving Company, he was held up by a man with a shotgun and two confederates who ransacked his pockets. The defense did not even attempt to deny that old man Norris made no resistance as he felt the barrel of the shotgun in his back. But it did most emphatically deny that the killer was Butch Henderson.

The D.A. smiled confidently and called a member of the gang, Spud Tracy, to the stand to have him confirm his confession. But Mr. Tracy had changed his mind overnight and claimed that he had been bullied by the police and the D.A.'s office into making a confession, which he now wanted to retract. And that was that.

Somewhat stunned, but still undaunted the D.A. called his next witness, Al Meadows, owner of a garage, who had told him that a man, answering to the description of Butch Henderson, had come to his shop two days before the killing to borrow a hack saw to cut off the barrel of a shotgun. But when the D.A. put his witness on the stand, Al Meadows was beset with a sudden attack of poor memory. He couldn't identify the gun, not positively, and it seemed to him now that the man who came to his shop was somewhat shorter and thinner than the defendant, Butch Henderson. And that was so much that. In fact the defense attorney, the famous Warren Landers, who seldom lost a murder case, didn't even cross-examine the D.A.'s witness, but merely wafted an amused smile at the jury.

It was now obvious to the D.A. that somebody had either scared or bribed his witnesses overnight and be began to feel wobbly. But he almost went into collapse a few moments later when he was handed a note. It was a doctor's affidavit stating that Mrs. Deborah Peabody, the D.A.'s star witness who had actually seen the murder committed, was too ill to come to court. Indeed, her heart was so weak that the strain of testifying might kill her.

Pale and mopping the sweat from his brow, the D.A. now asked the court for a postponement of the case on the ground that his witnesses had been intimidated. But the defense attorney, Warren Landers, now sprang to his feet, denied angrily that he had ever tampered with a witness in all his life, and demanded proof or a public apology from the D.A. The D.A. apologized. And the court refused to postpone the case.

Instead, the scene shifted two hours later to the crowded bedroom of the ailing Mrs. Deborah Peabody, for the presiding Judge, the Hon. Simon Adams, had announced, after sending the jury from the room, "This court is sick and tired of seeing criminals go unpunished. I happen to know Mrs. Peabody personally. She is a remarkable woman and would, if necessary, gladly give her life to further the ends of justice."

Whereupon, the defense attorney had again

sprung to his feet with a strenuous objection. "I object, your Honor. This defendant, whether guilty or not guilty, is entitled to a public trial, to have all his witnesses called in public and to have his attorney subject the witness to a severe cross-public. And the witness will not be subject to examination."

But the court said, "The trial will be completely strain from your cross-examination, Mr. Landers, because, whatever she testifies will be the truth and witnesses who tell the truth willingly are not subject to strain."

"Your Honor, nevertheless I must object."

"Objection overruled," said Judge Simon Adams.

It was, indeed, an amazing spectacle: that crowded bedroom, with the gray-haired, serene Mrs. Peabody sitting in her wheel chair at her second floor front window and telling that jury of men and women, standing up with their backs against the wall, exactly what she saw on that fatal morning of April 10, 1926.

"I was sitting right here in this very chair looking out of this very window when I saw this elderly gentleman crossing the street as I had seen him so do many times before. It was about eleven o'clock, for I had just taken my medicine I remember. Then I saw a man, followed by two others, cross over from this side of the street and overtake the elderly gentleman. The two men who followed threw back the old man's overcoat, went through his pockets, took his wallet, and then, for shame and shame, with no reason at all the first man put a shotgun against the old man's back and fired.

"Well, when the old man fell, the three men ran and got into a car. I admit I was stunned, but I was so mad that I grabbed this pencil and this pad of paper and wrote down the number of the automobile before they made their getaway. Here it is: 7-200. Then I grabbed this very phone and called the police. It all happened in less time than it takes me to tell it," concluded Mrs. Peabody, taking off her gold rimmed spectacles.

The D.A., full of confidence again, stood erect and looked triumphantly at the jury while the judge, to be a little removed, sat on the bed.

"And now I'll ask you, Mrs. Peabody, just to cast your eyes about this room and see if you can identify the man who fired that shotgun at the old gentleman."

The D.A. felt now that his case was surely in the bag. But to his dismay another hitch developed, which now caused the defense attorney to smile at the jury, for Mrs. Peabody was saying,

"To tell you the truth, I'm a bit farsighted, I don't want to make a mistake. And I'd feel a lot surer if you could take those three men out into the street and arrange them like they were that morning in April."

Even Butch Henderson smiled at this odd turn in affairs. But Judge Adams, determined to cooperate in every detail, ordered the three defendants taken out into the street.

The three suspects were led away by three husky policemen, and one of them carried the sawed-off shotgun.

When they reached the supposed spot, the police looked up at the window, where Mrs. Peabody, now thoroughly enjoying the show, made motions with her hands for them to move back toward the curb and now a little more to the right.

The police now ordered each suspect in turn to hold the shotgun against one of the policemen. This proved to be a bit careless, as the jury which was now crowded about Mrs. Peabody's wheel chair and craning their necks to see, was soon to discover. For the policeman, who took the role of the slain paymaster, had to turn his back to the suspect, which meant that one policeman had to hold two suspects. This proved too much of a temptation to one of the suspects, the last one to hold the gun. Or he may have heard Mrs. Peabody shout through her open window, "That's him. That's the devil that did it."

For the next instant, he shoved the shotgun hard against the policeman's back and wrested his arm out of the other policeman's grip. But before he could make a break for freedom, the first policeman twisted the shotgun out of his hand and clubbed him over the head into submission.

When the police came back into the strange jury room with their three suspects, it was Butch Henderson who had one eye closed and blood trickling down his face.

The jury didn't take ten minutes, after it got the case back in court, to bring in a verdict of guilty; and Butch Henderson was sentenced to die in the electric chair. Of course, the famous Warren Landers, appealed his case, but the Supreme Court upheld the verdict, vindicating the trial judge and proving once more not only that crime never pays, but that a criminal never knows what eyes are watching him when he commits his crime.

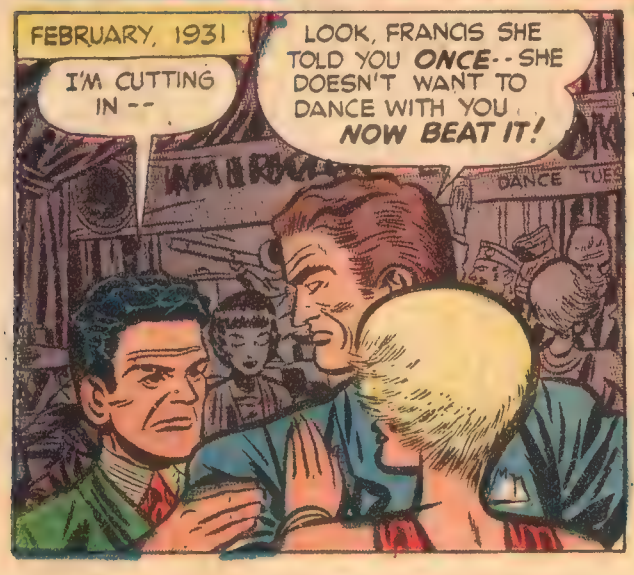
THE END

THE STORY OF "TWO-GUN" CROWLEY

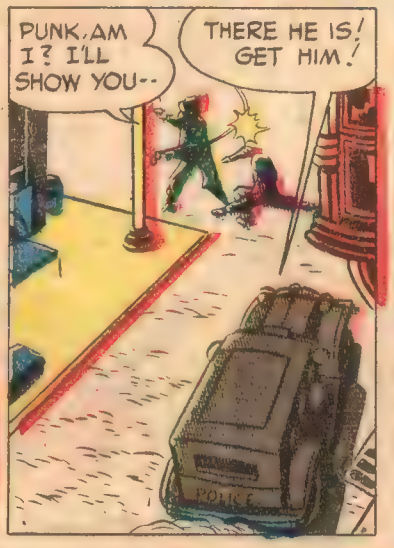
THE HALF-PINT KILLER!

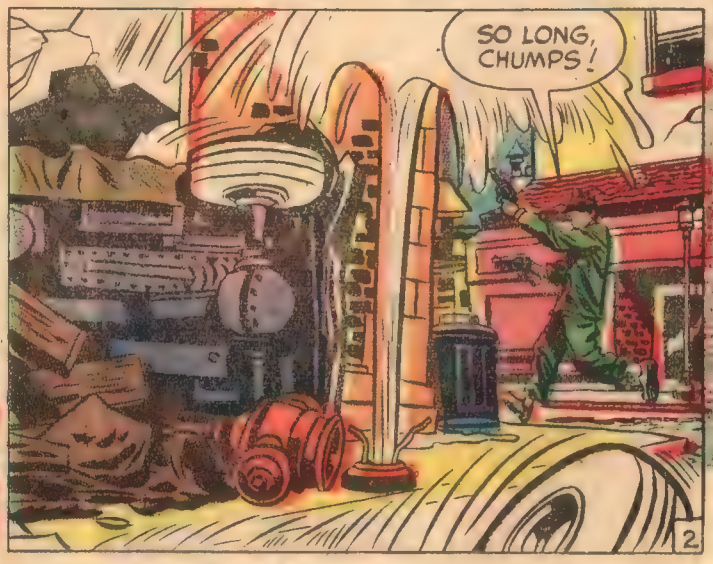
THE NAMES ANNE BROWN, HELEN EVERS AND THE SILVER SLIPPER ARE FICTITIOUS

A TRUE POLICE CASE

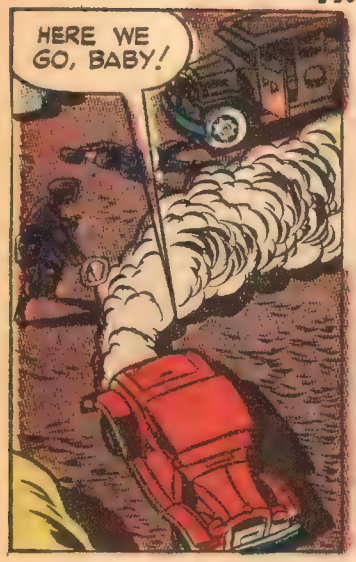


UNTIL THAT MOMENT, ALTHOUGH HE HAD BEEN IN AND OUT OF TROUBLE WITH THE LAW FOR MOST OF HIS SHORT LIFE, ***FRANCIS CROWLEY HAD NEVER HELD A GUN IN HIS HAND***... NOW HE BEGAN A CAREER OF CRIME THAT WAS TO BLAZE LIKE A ROCKET FOR TEN SHORT WEEKS AS HE FLASHED TO HIS DOOM!-- STEP NUMBER TWO IN CROWLEY'S MARCH TO THE CHAIR CAME LESS THAN A MONTH LATER .....

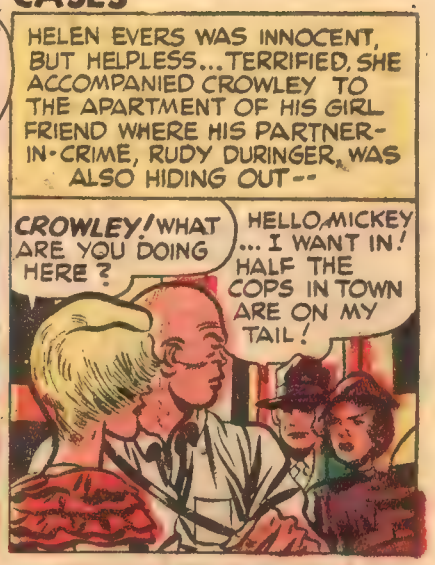




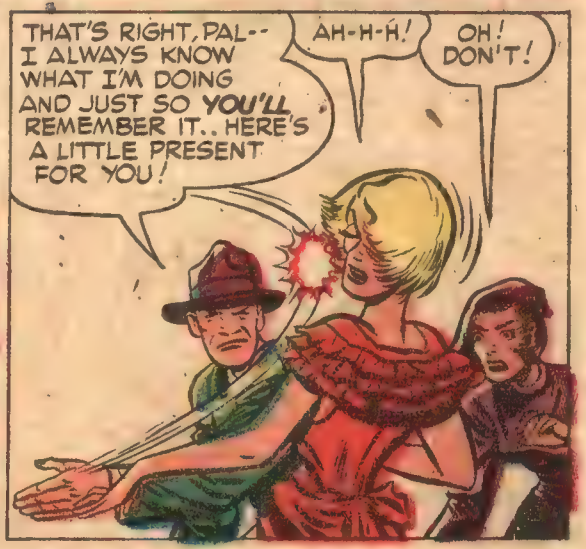
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

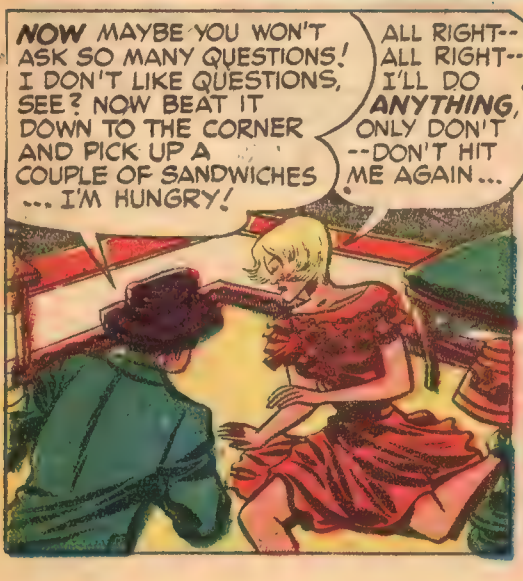

HERE WE GO, BABY!

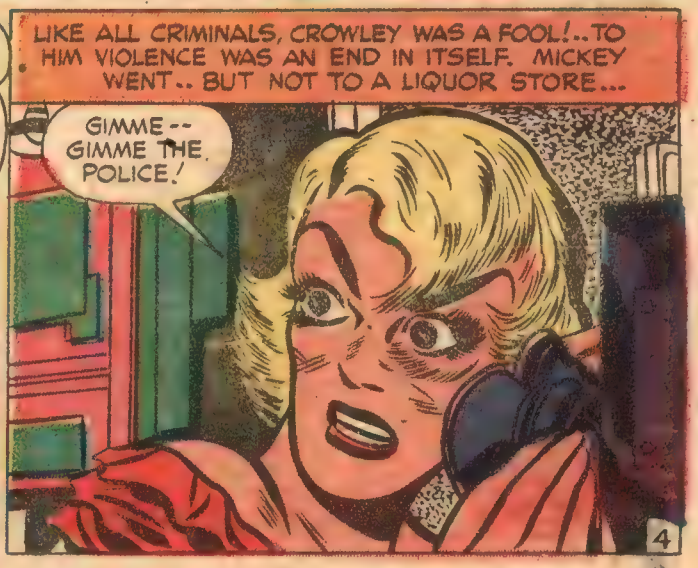
YOU KILLED HIM! YOU KILLED HIM! LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!
SHUT UP! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! I'M HOT, BABY, HOT! EVERY COPPER IN THE COUNTRY'S GONNA BE ON MY TAIL. I'M HIDING OUT--AND YOU'RE STICKING WITH ME, LIKE IT OR NOT!


HELEN EVERS WAS INNOCENT, BUT HELPLESS...TERRIFIED, SHE ACCOMPANIED CROWLEY TO THE APARTMENT OF HIS GIRL FRIEND WHERE HIS PARTNER-IN-CRIME, RUDY DURINGER, WAS ALSO HIDING OUT--
CROWLEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
HELLO, MICKEY ... I WANT IN! HALF THE COPS IN TOWN ARE ON MY TAIL!

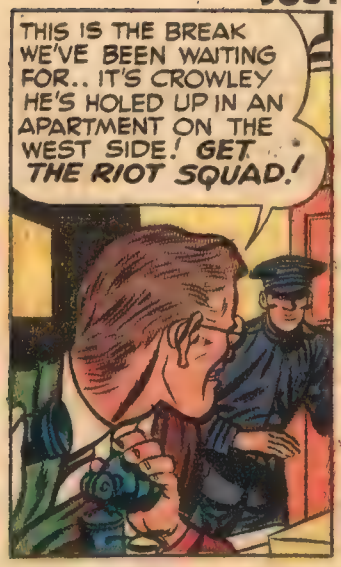
YOU CAN'T STAY HERE! AND WHO'S THE DAME? I THOUGHT I WAS YOUR GIRL!
YOU ARE, BABY, YOU ARE. I JUST KNOCKED OFF A COP AND SHE WAS WITH ME. SHE STAYS--AND SO DO I!
AW, LAY OFF, MICKEY! CROWLEY KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

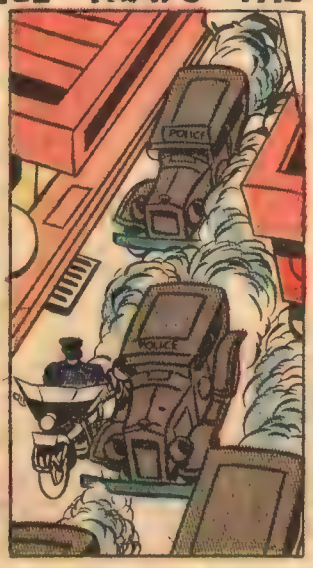

THAT'S RIGHT, PAL--I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT I'M DOING AND JUST SO YOU'LL REMEMBER IT.. HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU!
AH-H-H!
OH! DON'T!

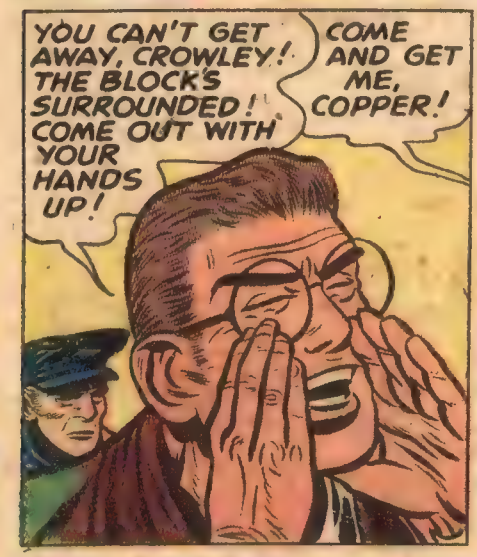

NOW MAYBE YOU WON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS! I DON'T LIKE QUESTIONS, SEE? NOW BEAT IT DOWN TO THE CORNER AND PICK UP A COUPLE OF SANDWICHES ... I'M HUNGRY!
ALL RIGHT--ALL RIGHT--I'LL DO ANYTHING, ONLY DON'T --DON'T HIT ME AGAIN...

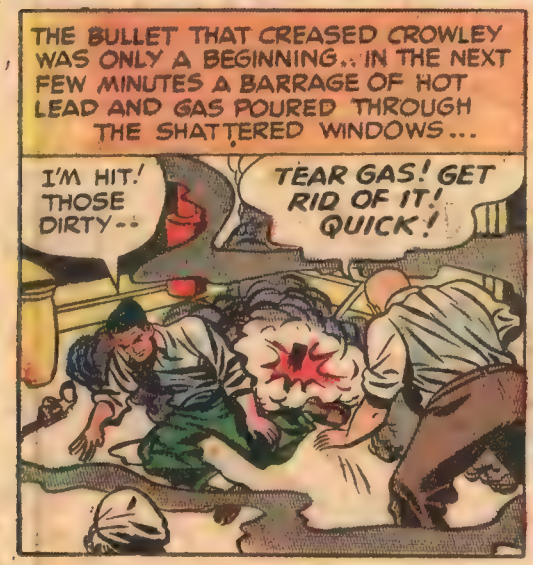

LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, CROWLEY WAS A FOOL!..TO HIM VIOLENCE WAS AN END IN ITSELF. MICKEY WENT.. BUT NOT TO A LIQUOR STORE...
GIMME--GIMME THE POLICE!

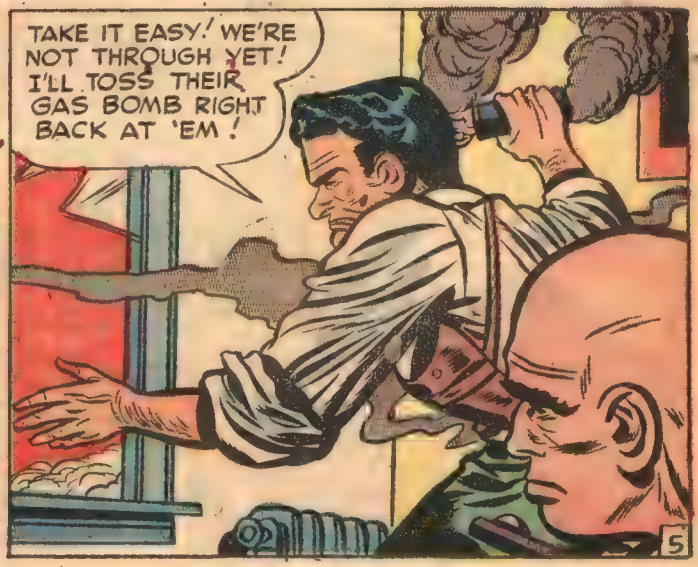
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!



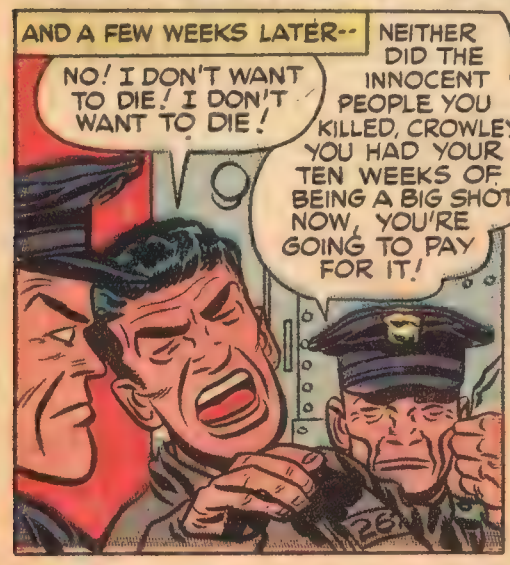








THE TRIAL, WHICH WAS HELD IN MINEOLA, LONG ISLAND, WAS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION... BOTH CROWLEY AND RUDY DURINGER WERE SENTENCED TO DIE... IT WAS HERE THAT IT CAME OUT THAT DURINGER HAD KILLED ANNE BROWN... WITH CROWLEY'S GUN. DURINGER WAS FIRST TO GO-- IRONICALLY ENOUGH, ON DECEMBER 10TH, HIS BIRTHDAY, AND IN HIS OWN HOME TOWN OF OSSINING, N.Y.



SO ENDED THE TEN WEEK CAREER IN CRIME OF "TWO GUN" CROWLEY, WHEN THE CHANCES WERE ALL AGAINST HIM-- WHEN WILL CRIMINALS EVER LEARN THAT EVEN THE BULLETS THAT TEAR THE LIFE FROM THEIR VICTIMS HAVE TONGUES THAT SCREAM... **YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!**

TRUE LOVE STORIES

THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE WHICH EVERY YOUNG GIRL MUST FACE, VIVIDLY TOLD IN EASY-TO-READ FORM--

MARY WAS A RURAL SCHOOL TEACHER-- HER LIFE WAS DULL AND ROUTINE!-- BUT THEN JIM WATERS CAME TO SCHOOL--- AND THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED SWEPT JIM AND MARY INTO THE CENTER OF A STORM OF GOSSIP!--

Read "I FELL IN LOVE WITH MY STAR PUPIL!"

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in the MAY-JUNE ISSUE OF

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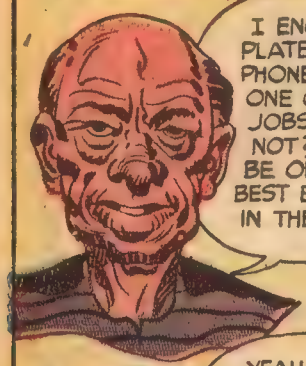
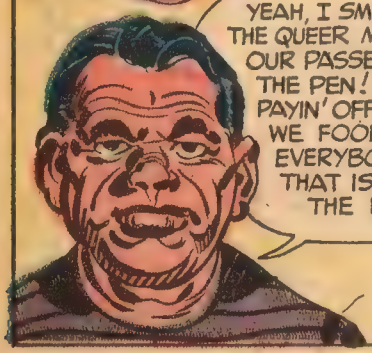
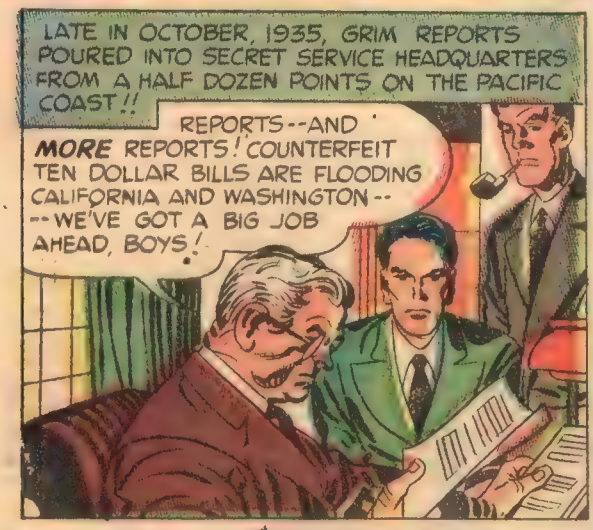
COUNTERFEIT CA$H!

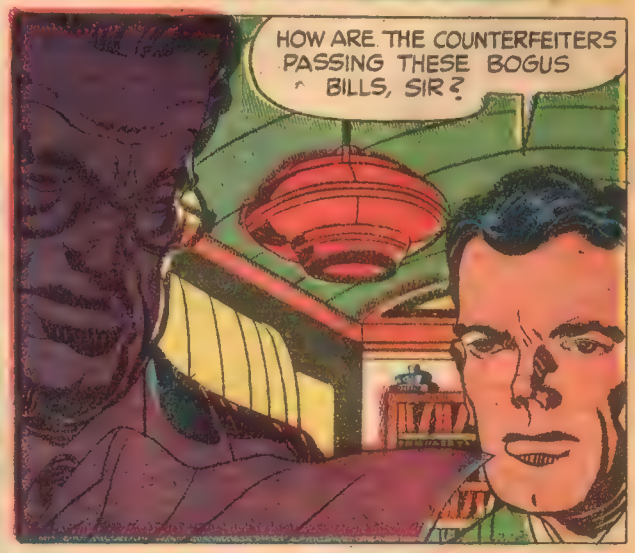
FROM AUTHENTIC CRIMINAL FILES....

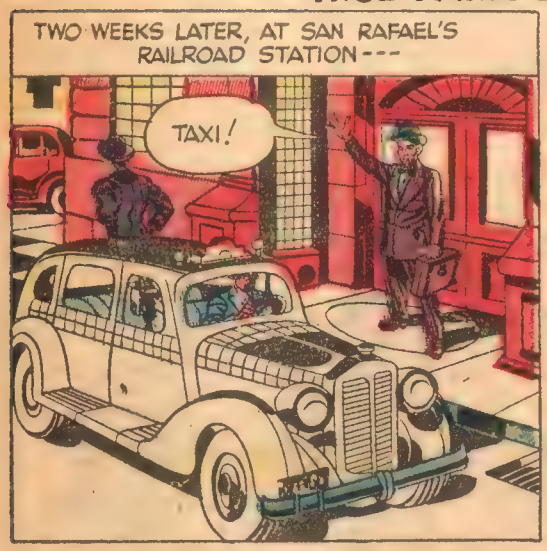


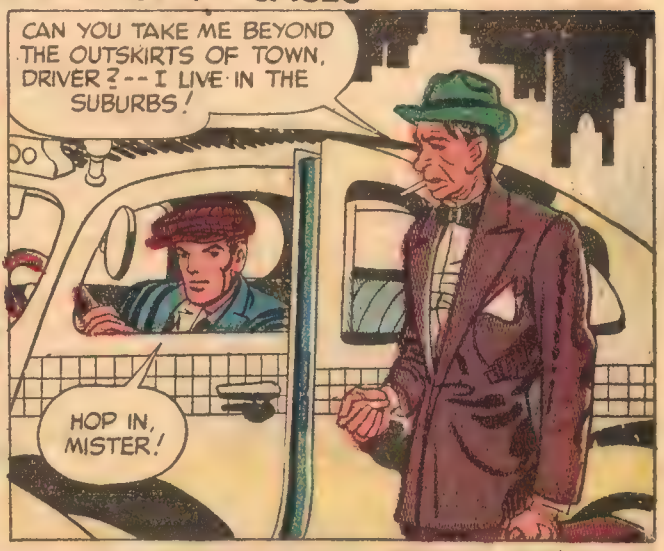


JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!





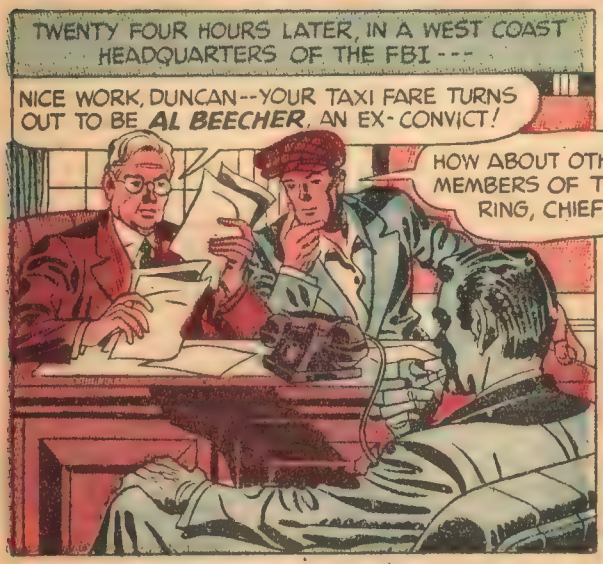

TWO WEEKS LATER, AT SAN RAFAEL'S RAILROAD STATION---
TAXI!

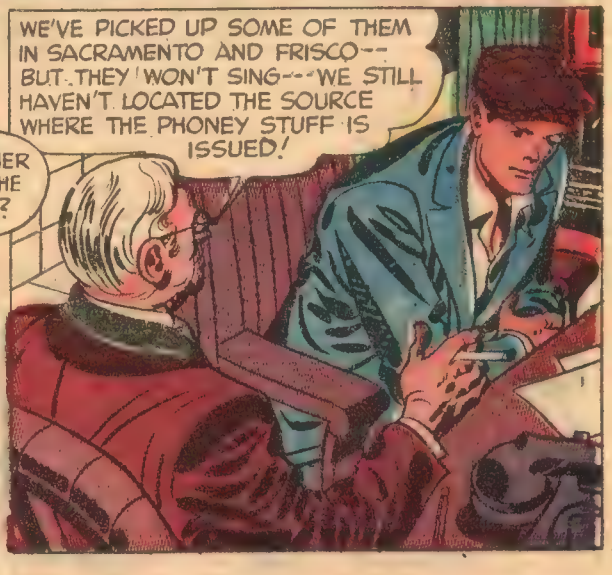

CAN YOU TAKE ME BEYOND THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, DRIVER?--I LIVE IN THE SUBURBS!
HOP IN, MISTER!

A FEW MILES LATER--IN FRONT OF THE DESIGNATED ADDRESS---
SORRY, BUT THIS IS THE SMALLEST I HAVE--A TEN DOLLAR BILL--CAN YOU CHANGE IT?

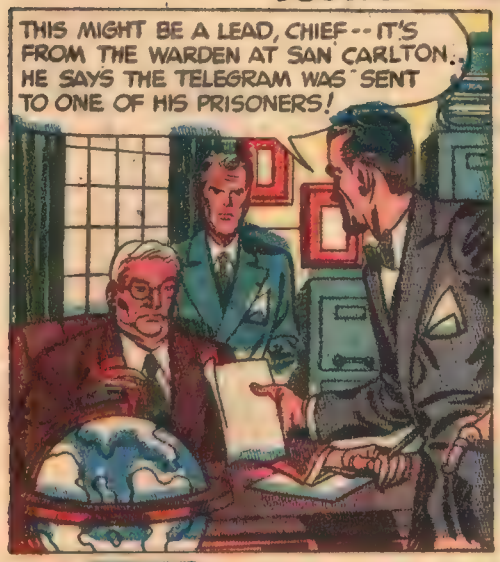
TO THE PASSENGER'S ANNOYANCE, THE DRIVER SEEMED TO BE STUDYING THE BILL CLOSER THAN ORDINARY--
YEAH--I THINK I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU, MISTER!

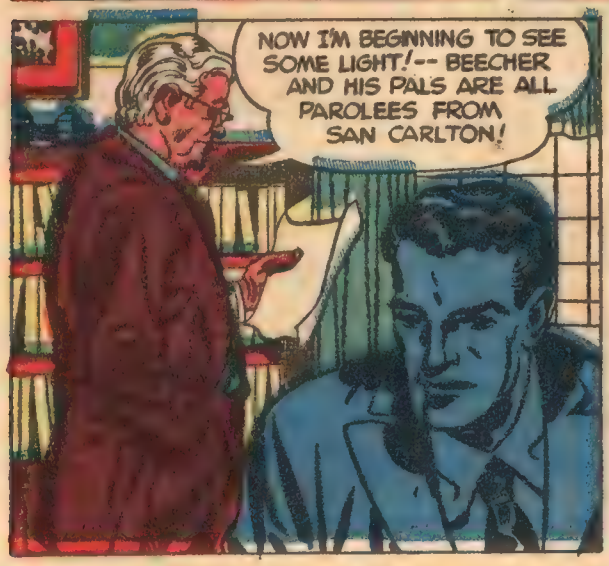
BUT INSTEAD OF PRODUCING CHANGE FROM HIS WALLET, THE DRIVER PRODUCED A BUSINESSLIKE-LOOKING PISTOL!
W-WHAT IS THIS?
FBI, MISTER--THE GOVERNMENT WANTS TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU!

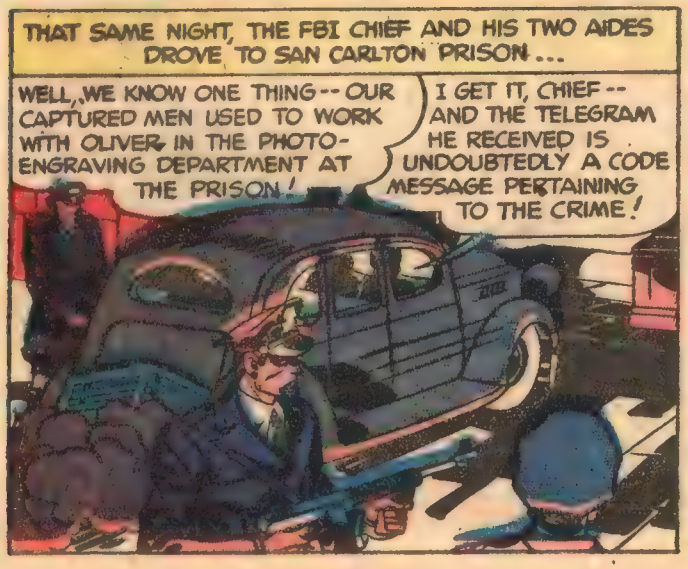

TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER, IN A WEST COAST HEADQUARTERS OF THE FBI---
NICE WORK, DUNCAN--YOUR TAXI FARE TURNS OUT TO BE AL BEECHER, AN EX-CONVICT!
HOW ABOUT OTHER MEMBERS OF THE RING, CHIEF?

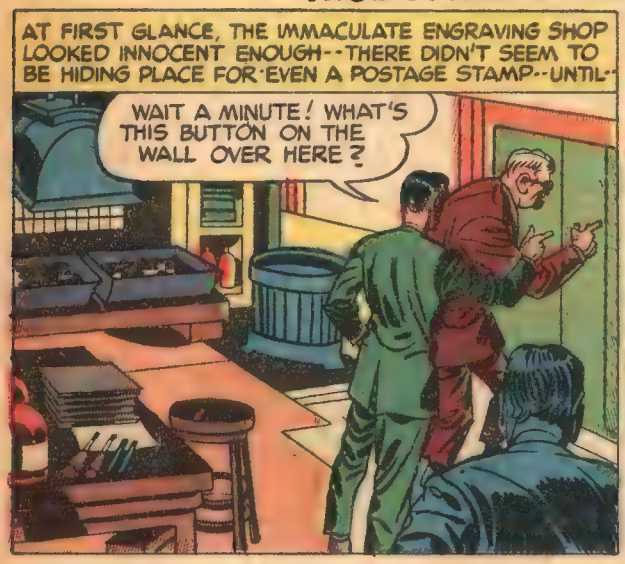

WE'VE PICKED UP SOME OF THEM IN SACRAMENTO AND FRISCO--BUT THEY WON'T SING--WE STILL HAVEN'T LOCATED THE SOURCE WHERE THE PHONEY STUFF IS ISSUED!

JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!



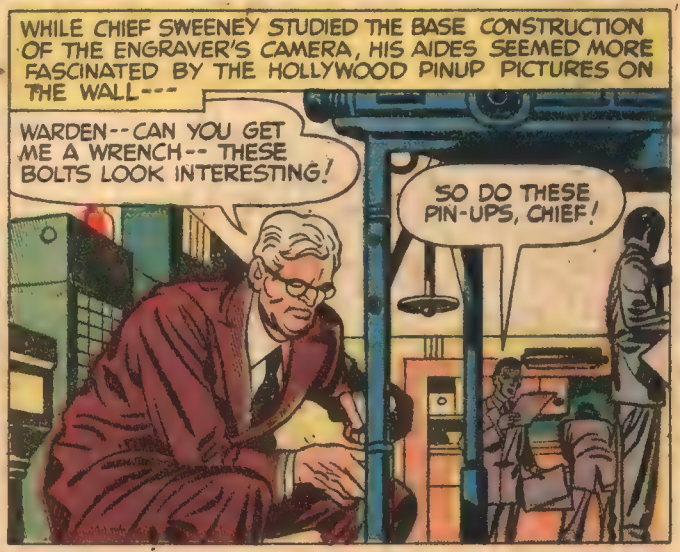


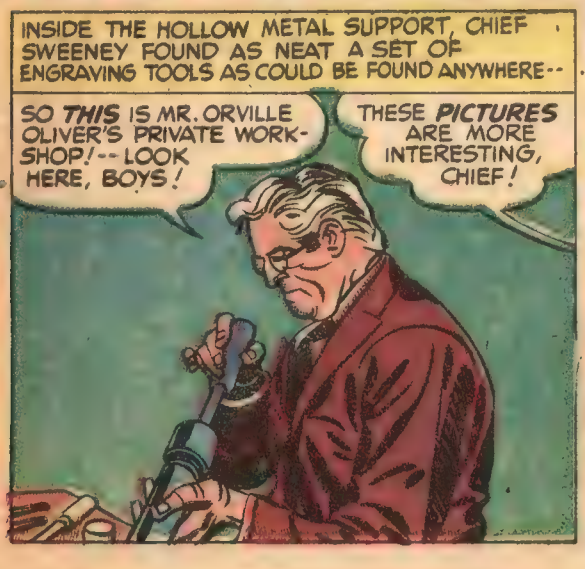


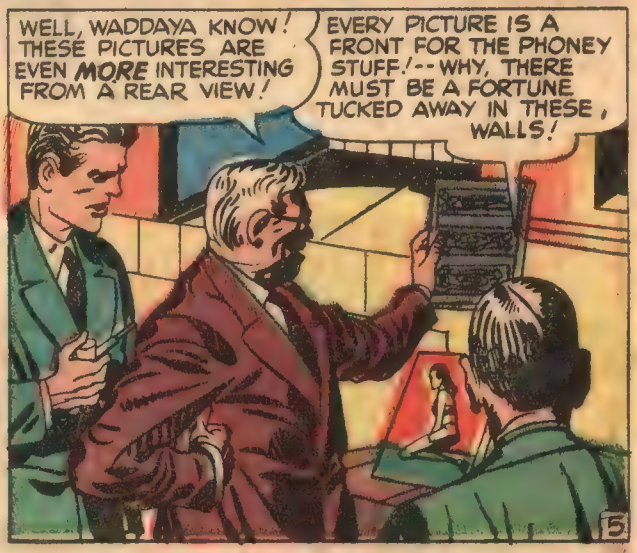

AT FIRST GLANCE, THE IMMACULATE ENGRAVING SHOP LOOKED INNOCENT ENOUGH--THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE HIDING PLACE FOR EVEN A POSTAGE STAMP--UNTIL--
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS BUTTON ON THE WALL OVER HERE?

AS CHIEF SWEENEY PUSHED THE BUTTON, A SMALL PANEL BEHIND A ROW OF CHEMICAL BOTTLES ON THE SHELF SUDDENLY SLID BACK...
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!--GRAB THOSE BUNDLES, BOYS!

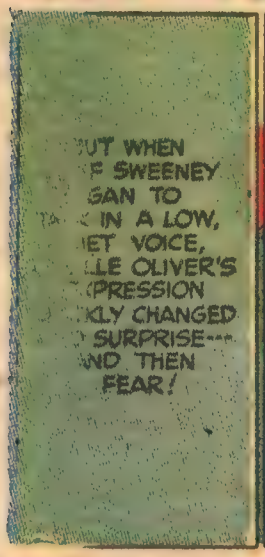
LOOK AT THIS!--A SET OF ENGRAVER'S PLATES---
PLATES THAT WILL PRINT TEN DOLLAR BILLS! --WHY--THIS IS FANTASTIC!

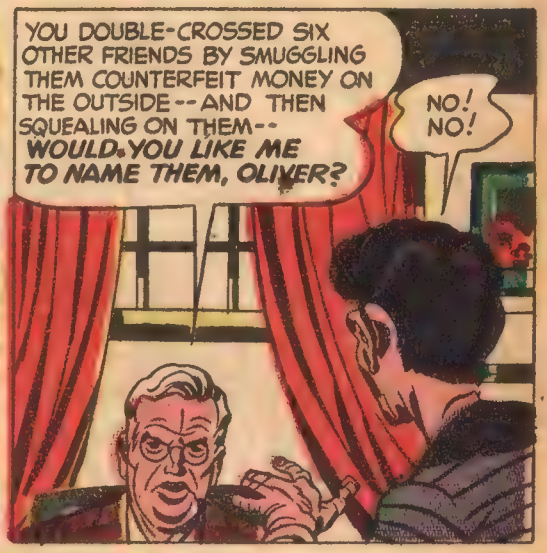

WHILE CHIEF SWEENEY STUDIED THE BASE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ENGRAVER'S CAMERA, HIS AIDES SEEMED MORE FASCINATED BY THE HOLLYWOOD PINUP PICTURES ON THE WALL---
WARDEN--CAN YOU GET ME A WRENCH--THESE BOLTS LOOK INTERESTING!
SO DO THESE PIN-UPS, CHIEF!

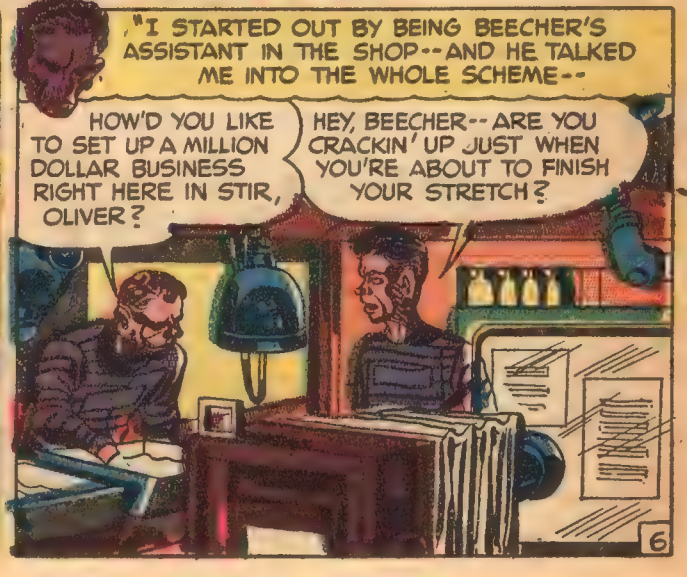

INSIDE THE HOLLOW METAL SUPPORT, CHIEF SWEENEY FOUND AS NEAT A SET OF ENGRAVING TOOLS AS COULD BE FOUND ANYWHERE--
SO THIS IS MR. ORVILLE OLIVER'S PRIVATE WORK-SHOP!--LOOK HERE, BOYS!
THESE PICTURES ARE MORE INTERESTING, CHIEF!

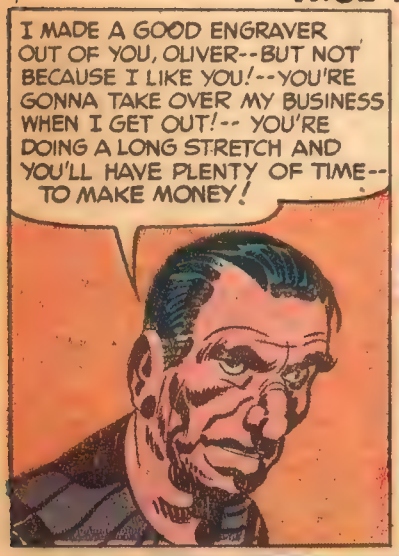

WELL, WADDAYA KNOW! THESE PICTURES ARE EVEN MORE INTERESTING FROM A REAR VIEW!
EVERY PICTURE IS A FRONT FOR THE PHONEY STUFF!--WHY, THERE MUST BE A FORTUNE TUCKED AWAY IN THESE WALLS!

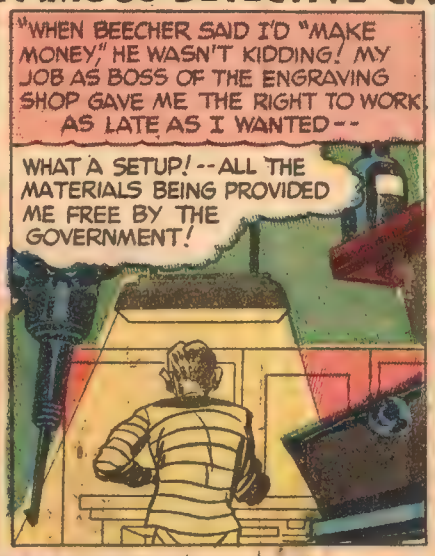
JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!

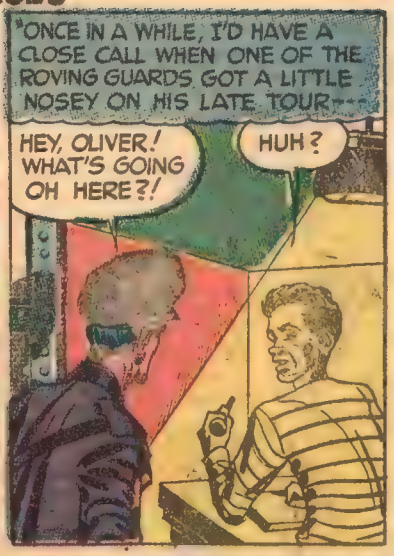




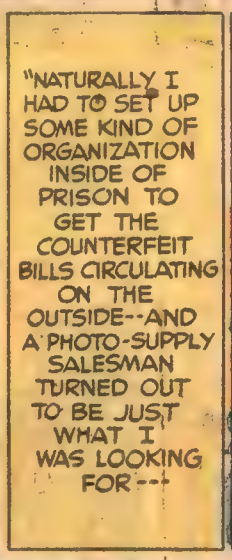



I MADE A GOOD ENGRAVER OUT OF YOU, OLIVER--BUT NOT BECAUSE I LIKE YOU!--YOU'RE GONNA TAKE OVER MY BUSINESS WHEN I GET OUT!-- YOU'RE DOING A LONG STRETCH AND YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME-- TO MAKE MONEY!

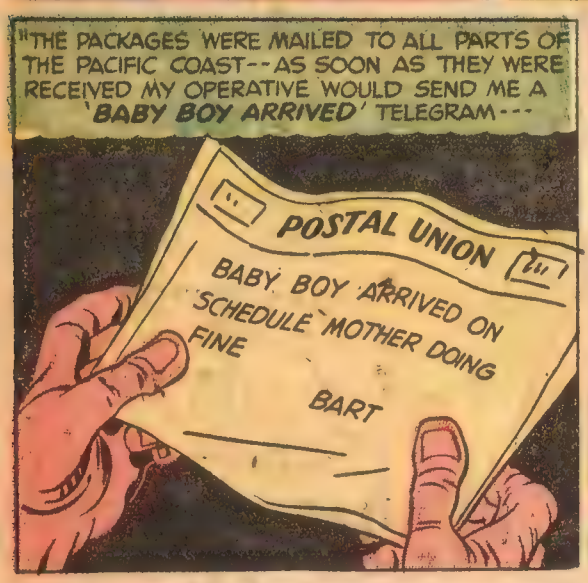

"WHEN BEECHER SAID I'D "MAKE MONEY," HE WASN'T KIDDING! MY JOB AS BOSS OF THE ENGRAVING SHOP GAVE ME THE RIGHT TO WORK AS LATE AS I WANTED--
WHAT A SETUP! --ALL THE MATERIALS BEING PROVIDED ME FREE BY THE GOVERNMENT!

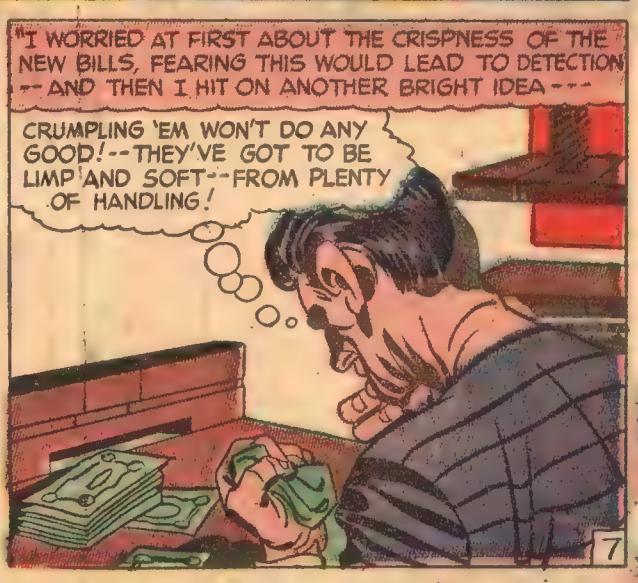

"ONCE IN A WHILE, I'D HAVE A CLOSE CALL WHEN ONE OF THE ROVING GUARDS GOT A LITTLE NOSEY ON HIS LATE TOUR---
HEY, OLIVER! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!
HUH?

IT'S A--ER--RUSH ENGRAVING JOB-- THE WARDEN SAYS I MUST FINISH BEFORE MORNING!
O.K.— CARRY ON!
7123

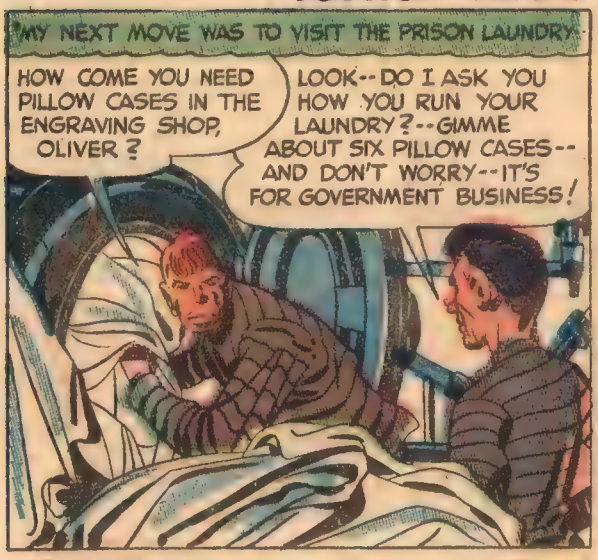

"NATURALLY I HAD TO SET UP SOME KIND OF ORGANIZATION INSIDE OF PRISON TO GET THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS CIRCULATING ON THE OUTSIDE--AND A PHOTO-SUPPLY SALESMAN TURNED OUT TO BE JUST WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR---

MR. WILLIAMS, I WONDER IF YOU COULD DO ME A GREAT FAVOR BY MAILING SOME PACKAGES FOR ME WHEN YOU GO OUT!
WHY, CERTAINLY-- GLAD TO DO IT, AS LONG AS NOBODY GETS IN TROUBLE FROM IT!


"THE PACKAGES WERE MAILED TO ALL PARTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST--AS SOON AS THEY WERE RECEIVED MY OPERATIVE WOULD SEND ME A 'BABY BOY ARRIVED' TELEGRAM---
POSTAL UNION
BABY BOY ARRIVED ON SCHEDULE MOTHER DOING FINE
BART


"I WORRIED AT FIRST ABOUT THE CRISPNESS OF THE NEW BILLS, FEARING THIS WOULD LEAD TO DETECTION --AND THEN I HIT ON ANOTHER BRIGHT IDEA---
CRUMPLING 'EM WON'T DO ANY GOOD!--THEY'VE GOT TO BE LIMP AND SOFT--FROM PLENTY OF HANDLING!

JUSTICE TRAPS THE GUILTY!



ALL PERSONS IMPLICATED IN ORVILLE OLIVER'S COUNTERFEITING RACKET WERE SOON APPREHENDED AND SENTENCED TO LONG TERMS IN PRISON--

THIS IS A TRUE CASE FROM CRIMINAL FILES--HOWEVER ALL NAMES ARE FICTITIOUS--

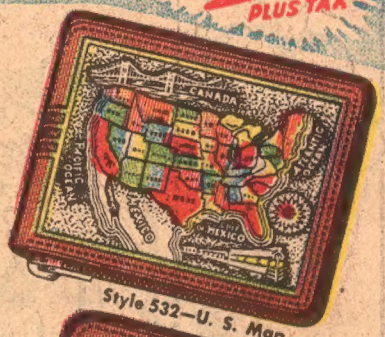
AMERICA'S GREATEST Zipper BILLFOLD BARGAIN!

BILLFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN *Breath Taking Colors!*

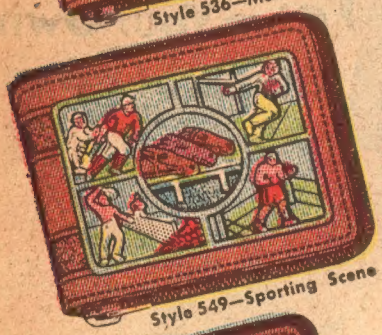
Your Choice $1.98 PLUS TAX

Style 536—Mexican Girl

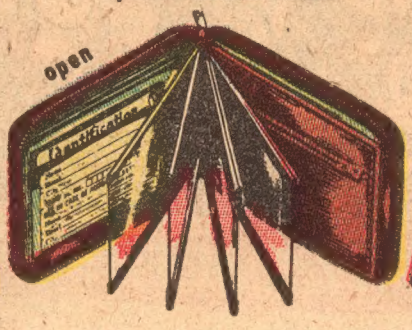
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho

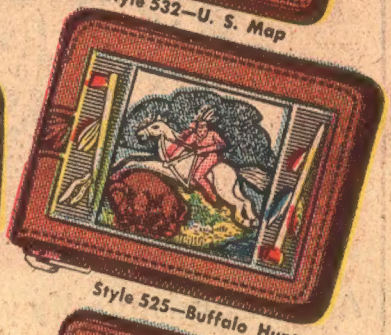


Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene

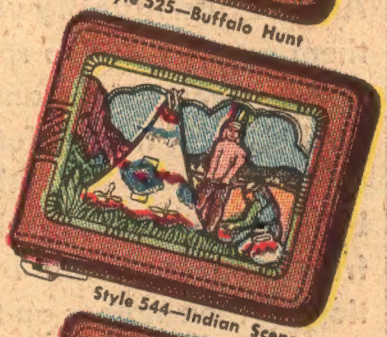




Style 525—Buffalo Hunt

SENSATIONAL VALUES A handsome all-around Zipper Billfold brightly decorated in scintillating colors. Illustrations shown herewith are faithful reproductions showing the beautiful colored scenes embossed on these billfolds. Can't rub off. Other exclusive features include Built-in Zipper Change Purse, Deluxe Pass Case and a roomy Currency Compartment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order and picture choice on the coupon below.

Style 520—Hula Girl



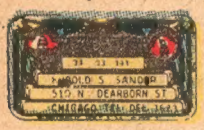
Style 544—Indian Scene

Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers

Style 535—Texas Ranger

Style 548—Covered Wagon

Social Security Plate only 35c



You can have this beautiful three Color Social Security Plate with your billfold for only 35c extra. Price includes engraving of your Social Security Number, your full name and address, and your phone number. Send 35c in coin on separate sheet of paper with above information and we'll ship postage prepaid.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon With Your Billfold Selection!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept 2343-A1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Saddle Type beautifully colored Zipper Billfold in the picture choice indicated below. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus fed. tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return the billfold within ten days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS:.....

(Give style number and subject)

If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here:.....

MY NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE NO..... STATE.....

TALK - SING - PLAY

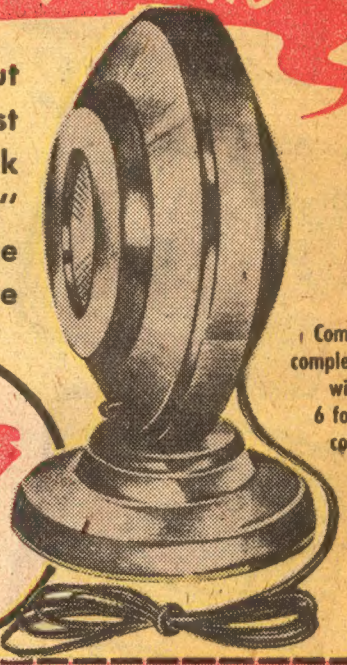
THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

With the *Super* HOME RADIO MIKE!

Fool Your Friends — Give Your Own Radio Shows

Easily Attaches to Any Radio

Amaze and mystify your friends by talking about them over your own radio. Create and broadcast shows, commercials, and "news flashes". Just flick the button of this professional, studio type "mike" and you cut in instantly on any program, make believe you are on with the big stars. Surprise friends in your home by mentioning their names on the big network shows. It's loads of fun for adults and kids.



Comes complete with 6 foot cord

Only $1.98 Complete

Complete — nothing else to buy. This professional looking switch button mike comes complete with illustrated instructions . . . shows how to install on your radio. "MIKE" has long insulated cord — complete ready to attach.

Money Back Guarantee

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine and try this swell "MIKE" at home without risk. Send no money — just name and address on penny postcard and we'll ship C.O.D. plus postage, or send $2.00 and we ship postpaid. No C.O.D. ouside U.S.A.

SEYCO MIKE CO. Dept. MD-134
230 Grand St., New York 13, N. Y.

☐ Send MIKE C.O.D., I'll pay postman $1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. on arrival.

☐ I'm enclosing $2 send postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Lovmee CASUALS

"Smart Set" styles sold direct to you at new lowest prices!

PLAZA — What could be lovelier? It's a foot-flattering baby doll last creation in black suede, at $4.95 or in a vivid, stunning all-over red or black elk at $5.25. Light as a feather—with extra long-wearing plastic soles.

Narrow widths.....Sizes 5½-9
Medium widths. ..Sizes 4-9

RITZ — You'll find comfort as well as smart style in this gay sling back sandal! Comes in three colors: red elk, smoked elk and white elk. Medium widths and full sizes only.

Sizes 4-9 .....$3.95

ALGONQUIN — Braided moccasin of genuine leather with pertly buckled belt and lightweight, durable rubber soles. Medium width only in brown, red, black, white and combinations of red & white and brown & white. Full sizes only.

Sizes 4-9 .....$3.95

NEW YORK "debs" and campus queens wear shoes just like these for sports, street and dress. But the big difference is that they pay anywhere from 25 to 50% *more* for them in swanky shops — while you can get these newest shoe creations at these amazingly low direct-to-you prices.

SEND NO MONEY!

Think of it — you don't have to send a penny — just select the styles and colors you like best. When the postman delivers your Lovmees, you pay him. Then you try on your stunning Lovmees in the comfort of your own home, and if they aren't the smartest looking, most flattering casuals you've ever seen, you may return them within 10 days and every penny will be cheerfully refunded.

With today's high store prices — this is the *sensible* way to buy shoes — direct to you, with no high rents, no salespeoples' salaries added on. That's why these well made, ultra stylish casuals are worth so much more than they cost! Order your Lovmees today—they are lovely to look at, delightful to wear!

The sooner you mail this coupon, the sooner you'll be wearing the most comfortable, eye-catching shoes you've ever owned!

NOTE: You don't have to send a penny — just pay the postman the cost of the shoes on delivery, plus a few cents postage. If you want to send a check or money order, however, it saves us bookkeeping — so we pass the savings on to you by paying the postage! In any case, you have the privilege of returning the shoes within ten days if you are not fully pleased.

LOVMEE SHOES
Dept. E-1, 871 Broad Street, Newark 2, New Jersey

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

PAIRS	STYLE & PRICE	COLOR	SIZE	WIDTH
	Plaza .... @ 4.95			
	Plaza .... @ 5.25			
	Ritz ..... @ 3.95			
	Algonquin @ 3.95			

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

2nd Choice Color .....

Check ....*Money Order*.....*C.O.D. (plus postage)*.....

(We prepay postage if full payment accompanies order)

SENT ON APPROVAL—SEND NO MONEY

Lovmee CASUALS

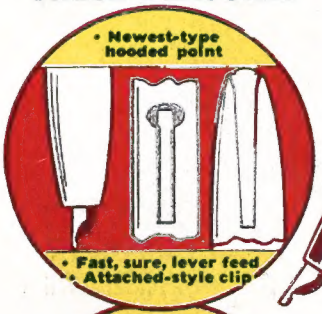
LOVMEE SHOES

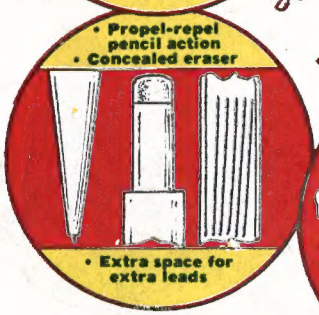
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, N. J.

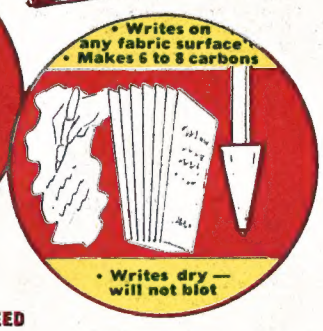
Here it is! "The Triple Header" AMERICA'S Sensational NEW WRITING TRIO!

A Beautiful Matching Set WITH YOUR NAME ENGRAVED

LOOK AT THESE FEATURES







A PERFECT WRITING INSTRUMENT TO MEET YOUR EVERY WRITING NEED

ALL THREE FOR ONLY $2.98

You get this matching set complete with your NAME smartly ENGRAVED and in an attractive GIFT BOX as pictured above.

There's never been a merchandise bargain to compare with the "Triple Header" matching 3-piece Pen and Pencil set we here offer you. You can shop every store and bargain counter from coast to coast. We guarantee that you won't find the equal of this set anywhere for the sensationally low price of only $2.98 with YOUR NAME engraved on all three pieces. Why? Because this new, all-purpose Writing Trio offer is exclusive with us, made possible only because of our tremendous purchasing power and large volume direct-to-you method of distribution. Understand—you don't get just a fountain pen; or just a ball point pen, or just a mechanical pencil—even though the $2.98 price of this offer is less than you might ordinarily expect to pay for a good pen alone. Here, now, you get ALL THREE in a handsome matching set with gold effect band and clip, each piece beautifully engraved with your own name and delivered to you in a most attractive velour-like Gift Box, all for the ONE LOW PRICE of only $2.98. Here, in fact, is the kind of set you've always wanted, now priced so low you can't afford to be without it.

Over 2 Million Satisfied Illinois Merchandise Mart Customers

USE THIS SET FOR 10 DAYS ON OUR MONEY BACK OFFER!

You'll marvel at the many writing advantages this new Writing Trio gives you. The Fountain Pen is ideal for all your personal correspondence, signing checks, bookkeeping, etc. The Ball Point Pen, which rolls the ink on dry and writes up to a year without refilling, is perfect where extra carbon copies are needed or for addressing packages, marking fabrics, signing duplicate receipts, etc. The Mechanical Pencil uses standard length leads which are propelled, repelled and expelled by a turn of the barrel. Pencil point is designed so lead is held in sure firm grip. There's no play, no wobble. But why not find out for yourself how good this "Triple Header" set really is; how much extra writing pleasure and convenience it will mean to you. Rush your order today on the handy coupon with the understanding that if you don't agree you've received America's outstanding 3-piece matching pen and pencil set value, you can return the set within 10 days for full refund.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

MAIL $1.00 DEPOSIT WITH THIS ORDER COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3613
1227 Loyola Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois

☐ Enclosed is $1.00. Rush me the new "Triple Header" Writing Trio with my name engraved as indicated below for the C.O.D. balance of only $1.98 plus few cents postage charges on your 10 day money back guarantee offer.

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON MY SET

_____
(please print plainly)

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

☐ ENCLOSED IS $2.98 in advance to save C.O.D. and shipping charges. Rush set to me engraved as indicated above, all postage prepaid on your money-back guarantee.